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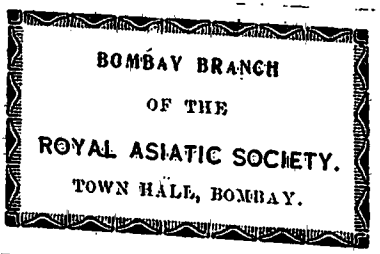

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NARRATIVE

OF AN EXCURSION

FROM

Corfu to Smyrna;

COMPRISING A PROGRESS
THROUGH

ALBANIA AND THE NORTH OF GREECE;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT

OF

Athens,

84865
ou

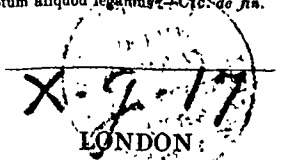
DESCRIPTIVE OF THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THAT CITY.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED, A TRANSLATION OF

The Erastæ, of Plato.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM PALÆSTINE."

Naturâne nobis hoc datum, an errore quodam, ut cum EA LOCA VIDEAMUS, in quibus memoriâ dignos viros acceperimus multum esse versatos, magis moveamur quam si eorum ipsorum aut facta audiamus, aut Scriptum aliquod legamus? Cic. de fin.



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TO

THE SURVIVING COMPANIONS OF HIS TOUR, THE WRITER INSCRIBES THE FOLLOWING PAGES;—AS A TESTIMONY, HOWEVER IMPERFECT, OF THE PECULIAR GRATIFICATION WHICH HE DERIVED FROM THEIR SOCIETY, AND OF THE AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE WITH WHICH HE CHERISHES THEIR FRIENDSHIP.

London, Feb. 1827.

tension to originality. Add to this, the costly and elaborate form in which many of the works, similar to those just alluded to, were prepared for the press, would necessarily render them, in a certain sense, *sealed books* to a large portion of the reading community. It is to such consideration that the writer chiefly trusts for an apology, in having yielded to the suggestion of his correspondent in submitting these letters to the public.

A lapse of nearly ten years,—the interval which has occurred since the period when the following pages were written,—produces a revolution in the feelings, as well as in the appearance of every individual; and a traveller of maturer taste would probably contemplate the various objects of his inquiry, with sensations very different from those of the tourist, who sets out on his career *utilium tardus provisor,—audaxque Juventâ.* Yet to preserve in their natural character the effects of a first impression,—" pour donner à mes récits le seul mérite qu'ils pussent avoir, celui de la vérité,"—their appearance is here hazarded, with some few additions, in the terms in which they were originally traced.

At the season when the author visited Greece,

the storm which has since burst with such unrelenting violence, was evidently gathering in the most fatal quarter; and the germs of dissension among those, who had a natural influence in the different provinces, were equally perceptible—even to a transient observer. These have since been unhappily developed in the distracted and hesitating councils, which have paralyzed the efforts of all who were impelled by any high or noble principle.

No one, that has a heart, can be insensible to the respect which is always due to suffering virtue; and when it makes its appeal in the garb and attitude of tortured patriotism, its claims are of the loftiest and holiest nature. A nation,—once the light and glory of the world,—fallen from its high estate among civilized communities, and depressed to the lowest point in the descending scale of barbarism, presents a spectacle perhaps the most piteous and humiliating that can be offered to human contemplation. We view it as a great and overwhelming calamity; a calamity to be deeply and incessantly deplored. But something more than sympathy is surely due to Greece, from such states as derived from her those arts which give a charm to the

blessings of light and life. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy,—to glow with the fervour of heroism while remote from the field of danger. "The pity which terminates in querulous invective, is but hypocrisy's pity*." Let *our* compassion be the true.

The cause of the Greeks, as hitherto conducted by many of their chosen champions, discovers, on one side, much of sordid avarice, credulity, and self-delusion,—opposed, on the other, to grasping rapacity, gross fraud, and affected philanthropy. With such agents, no cause can ever hope to triumph. The moral government of the world proceeds on principles which obey no impulse but that of virtue: its laws, as unerring as those by which the material elements are adjusted, can never be disregarded or displaced, without leading to confusion and peril. It is to other sources, then, than those on which they have hitherto relied, that the patriots of the Peloponnesus must look for their deliverance.

The eyes of Europe are naturally directed to ENGLAND, as to THE CENTRE on which the civilized

* Ramsden.

world reposes. If she persists in remaining a passive spectatress of the struggle, who shall foretell the period of its termination?

Were Greece a country recently reclaimed,—like the wilds of America or New Holland,—from an original state of savage destitution;—if it had received from Constantinople, as these last have from the fostering arm of Great Britain, together with the blessings of revelation, a knowledge of those arts which adorn and embellish existence, the recognised law of civilized nations might justly be appealed to, as forbidding the interference of any other community, in its contest with the parent state. But the case is far otherwise. Greece has derived from the Ottomans only that protection "which the vulture gives the lamb; covering and devouring it!" The trophies of her power, the monuments of her art, the triumphs of her genius and learning,—all these have been either irrecoverably mutilated by her invaders, or totally destroyed.

It is not, then, in behalf of the *rebel sons of an insurgent colony*, that the friends of Greece address themselves to the sympathies of Europe: the cause

they would assert is that of a PEOPLE, despoiled by violence of their rightful heritage;—of a COUNTRY, brilliant without parallel in the records of ancient renown;—of a NATION, assuming to be descended from that illustrious band of heroes and of sages, WHO DRANK OF THE WATERS OF IMMORTALITY, AND PROCLAIMED THE GLORIES OF FREEDOM!

London, December, 1826.

CONTENTS.

LETTER I.

Passage from Mola to Corfu—Present appearance of the City—Sketch of the new Constitution—Views in the interior of the Island—Imaginary scene of Ulysses' interview with Nausicaa—Fantastic ceremony on the anniversary of St. Spiridion,—page 1.

LETTER II.

Sail to Prevesa—The town described—Ruins of Nicopolis—Ancient Coins—Gulf of Actium—St. Maura—Sappho's Promontory—Seraglio at Salagora—Agent of ALI PASHA—Route to Arta—Description of the Town, —p. 12.

LETTER III.

Route to Ioannina—Description of the horses engaged for the journey, and the usual rate of travelling—Features of the Paysage—Arrival at the Capital of ALI PASHA'S dominions—Difficulty of procuring shelter for the night—Alarm expressed by a Pargiote for the future destination of his country,—p. 25.

LETTER IV.

Sketch of the Life of ALI PASHA,—p. 30.

LETTER V.

Introduction of the Writer and his friends to ALI—The Pasha's appearance, and mode of reception—Description of the Seraglio,—p. 36.

LETTER VI.

The City of Ioannina described—Bazaars—Public Schools—Environs of Yanina—Imaginary Elysian Fields—Dodona—Description of the Arnaouts—Present appearance of Greek Females,—p. 46.

LETTER VII.

Some account of MOUCTAR, the eldest son of ALI—Romantic Narrative of the Death of a young French Officer—Awkward arrangement of Horse-furniture—The Tartar bit described,—p. 53.

LETTER VIII.

Detention at Ioannina—Visit from Seid Achmet—Transmission of Buryoldis, or Buju-rûldas, (*Vizier's orders*)—Their nature explained,—p. 58.

LETTER IX.

Departure from Ioannina—Passage over MOUNT PINDUS—Mezzovo—Brilliant view from the Mountain's top—The descent described—Disloyal reception of the Pasha's mandate by the Inhabitants of a petty bourg—Loss of baggage in the transit of the Peneus—Rocks of Meteora—The Convents—Their singular position, and intrepid devotion of the Monks—Tricala—View of Larissa.

City of LARISSA—Appearance of the Inhabitants—Interesting recollections awakened by the name—The modern town—Peneus,—p. 78.

LETTER X.

Excursion to Tirnavo—Cordial reception by VELI PASHA, the second son of ALI—His Palace and Court described,—p. 78.

LETTER XI.

The Vale of TEMPE—Romantic beauty of its appearance.

Further interview with VELI PASHA—Exhibition of an ancient Statue,—p. 83.

LETTER XII.

Conversation with a Greek Physician,—p. 92.

LETTER XIII.

Plain of PHARSALIA—Village at the extremity—Condition of the Inhabitants—Interview with the Bishop—His barbarous recitation of a Passage in Homer.

Reception by CALILBEI, the son-in-law of Veli—His frank and generous hospitality—Straits of THERMOPYLÆ—Mount Œta—Descent to Crissa,—p. 104.

LETTER XIV.

DELPHI—The modern Village—MOUNT PARNASSUS—The Castalian Spring—Site of the Oracular Machinery—Ancient Theatre—Hippodrome—Stadium, &c.—p. 116.

LETTER XV.

Route to Lebadæa—Pausanias' description of the site of Laius' tomb, and the scene of Œdipus's parricide—

Mount Helicon—Descent to Lebadæa—Position of the Town — Hercynian Fountain — Cave of Trophonius — Death of Ali Pasha,—p. 125.

Letter XVI.

Thebes—Morose disposition of the inhabitants—Modern town and environs described—Ismenus—Fountain of Dirce—Its mythological Origin,—p. 133.

Letter XVII.

Journey to Athens—The route described—First view of the City—Radiancy of the surrounding scenery,—p. 139.

Letter XVIII.

Athens—Historical Review of some of the prominent changes it has undergone, from the period of its foundation to that of its capture by the Ottomans,—p. 143.

Letter XIX.

Existing condition of Athens—Form of the City—Gate of Adrian—Temple of Jupiter Olympius—Structures on the Acropolis—Parthenon—Temples of Erectheus, Minerva Polias, Pandroseum—Interior of the modern Town—Ancient remains—Temple of Theseus—Epitaph on Mr. Tweddell—Lantern of Demosthenes—School of Zeno—Temple of the Eight Winds,—p. 155.

Letter XX.

Theatres—The superior advantage of their form, compared with that of modern structures, in bringing the stage within the range of every part appropriated to the spectators—Nature of the Ancient Drama—Observation on the use of the Tragic Mask—Inconvenience of the Cothurnus—The Odeum described—River Ilissus—Stadium

—Remarks on the Institution of Gymnastic Contests—Medicinal properties of a Herb, discovered by a French botanist—Cephissus—Scene of THE ACADEMY—Account of the Cicada—Visit to the Disdar Aga,—p. 163.

LETTER XXI.

Areopagus—The Pnyx—View from the Acropolis—Reflections excited by the flight of the Stork—Ports of Athens—Tomb of Themistocles—Salamis—Xerxes, &c., —p. 182.

Translation of the ERASTÆ,—p. 196.

LETTER XXII.

Excursion to Marathon—The Plain described—Incessant murmurings of the Frogs—The imitative jargon in the Ranæ of Aristophanes applied to the test of modern pronunciation — Quarry of Pentelicus — Monastery,—p. 229.

LETTER XXIII.

Signor Lusieri's Account of Lord Elgin's motives in removing some of the Ornaments from the Parthenon—His version of the Disdar's feelings, so pathetically described by Dr. Clarke—Public Baths—Coffee-houses—Provisions at Athens—Manners and habits of the People,—p. 235.

LETTER XXIV.

Voyage to Smyrna—Cape Colonna—Cyclades—Syra—Tenos—Delos—Ancient remains—Chios,—p. 240.

LETTER XXV.

Smyrna—The Town described—Appearance of the Inhabitants—Environs—Palace of the Turkish Governor, —p. 249.

ERRATA.

Page 142, line 1 *of the note*, for "*from* an outline" read "*form* an outline."

„ 212, line 17, dele *for*.

„ 216, „ 2, after "master" dele comma.

„ 224, „ 1 *of note*, for γνωθι σεαυτον read γνωθι σεαυτον.

LETTERS FROM GREECE.

LETTER I.

To —— —— ——.

Corfu, March 29, 1817.

We arrived here about a week since, having proceeded from Naples direct to Bari, intending to pursue a route from thence along the coast, and to embark at Otranto; but, as the passage across the Adriatic is much more uncertain from that point than from Mola,—a small town about fifteen miles below Bari,—we acted on the suggestion of the Commandant of the latter place, and hired a light vessel for seventy-five ducats, which, on the third morning, brought us within the beautiful harbour of this town.

The quarantine regulations prevented our de-

barking our effects under four days, though we were allowed to quit the boat the next evening, and walk on an esplanade, which stretches from the Lazaretto about a hundred yards into the bay. The port is thronged with small craft from the neighbouring coast and islands, but both the vessels and their navigators look in a most slovenly condition. Our sailors are here termed *i dei del mare*, and their appearance, as opposed to the Greeks and Italians, seems almost literally to justify the phrase. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to conceive a greater contrast than that presented by the active crew of a British man-of-war's barge, and the yawning, indolent mariners who paddle about in the waters of Corfu.

The city appears for the most part in a decayed state; the streets are dark and narrow, and in some instances rendered peculiarly gloomy by heavy and disproportioned piazzas. There is not a single building, either private or public, which merits any particular description;—not even the residence of the Governor, though designated κατ' ἐξοχήν, the Palace;—all that can be said for it is, that it is an extensive pile, and capable of being

strongly fortified[1]. Sir T. M—t—d, the present "Lord High Commissioner," has won the atttachment both of the stranger and the native, by his dignified and cordial hospitality.

Of the seven islands which constitute the Ionian Republic,—(Paxos, St. Maura, Corfu, Ithaca, Cephalonia, Zante, Cerigo)—Corfu, though less than Cephalonia, is incomparably the most important. The identification of their interests with those of Great Britain is very justly regarded by the inhabitants as an advancement in the political scale, and they attend with great anxiety the development of a constitution, which has long engaged the consideration of the Governor. Its outlines are said to be as follow:—There is to be a legislative assembly chosen by the electoral body, and a senate chosen by the legislative assembly—the law-officers are to receive their appointment from the senate. The elections are to be made for five years; the Lord Commissioner is to have the power of convoking or proroguing the parliament, but not of dissolving it, except by virtue of an order from the government

[1] The new palace was not begun at the time the writer visited Corfu.

of England. Each island is to have a local government—the dominant religion is to be the Greek church—the language Greek. A general printing-office will be established at Corfu, under the direction of the senate, and the superintendence of the Secretary-General; and no other printing establishment is to be allowed in any of the islands, without the express permission of the senate, and the approbation of the Lord Commissioner.

The annexation of these islands to the British colonial possessions naturally adds to the interest which it is scarcely possible not to feel, on visiting any one of them: your friend, Captain E——, who belongs to the Governor's staff, has accompanied me to those parts of the interior of this, with which a residence of some months here has familiarized him. The figure of Corfu has some resemblance to a bow, the extremities of the chord pointing to the east and west. Its length was anciently considered to be nearly one hundred miles: the minuter accuracy of modern surveys has, I believe, reduced it to something less than sixty; and the greatest breadth does not exceed twenty-four[1]. The most

[1] Insulæ autem ex adverso Thesprotiæ, Corcyra a Buthroto

ancient name of this island is Phæacia; but it has been successively termed Drepane, Scheria, and Corcyra; which last designation it received from the daughter of Æsopus, who was buried here. Besides the magic fictions of Homer, there are many historical recollections, which hastily pass in review, as the eye ranges amidst the varieties of this enchanting scenery. The commotions so minutely detailed by Thucydides[1] awaken only melancholy reflections, and the imagination hurries to the plains of Olympia, where the citizens of Corcyra were frequently rewarded with the wreath of victory. It was Corcyra that Alexander selected for his residence, on his temporary retreat from the court of Philip—it was here also that the interview took place between Cicero and Cato, after the death-blow to their hopes at Pharsalia—and here were solemnized those ill-fated nuptials between Antony

duodecim millia passuum: eadem ab Acroceraunis quinquaginta mill: cum urbe ejusdem nominis, Corcyra, liberæ civitatis, et oppido Cassiope, temploque Cassii Jovis, passuum nonaginta septem millia in longitudinem patens: Homero dicta Scheria et Phæacia, Callimacho etiam Drepane.—*Nat. Hist.* lib. iv. 19.

[1] Lib. i. 2.

and Octavia, which were destined to convert the torch of Hymen into a brand of discord, that would shake the civilized globe.

The governor's country-house commands an extensive view of the approach to the town and the opposite coast of Albania;—the inland scenery presents a landscape which requires the descriptive talents of the pencil rather than the pen—but to do justice to its multiplied beauties is a task which might defy the combined powers of both.

Another interesting point is a projection where there are two pieces of ordnance, in advancing to which a lake of fresh water appears stretched out in the distance to the right. Farther down, through a romantic defile, is the "the *one-gun battery*," from whence, at a slight distance, is seen an insular rock, which, from some imagined resemblance to a vessel, is called *Ulysses' ship*[1]. Here the fancy may easily adjust the scene of Nausicaa's interview with the Prince of Ithaca. Nothing surely, in the annals of chivalrous gallantry and refinement, can

[1] The origin of the term is thus alluded to by Pliny:—Et a Phalacro, Corcyræ promontorio Scopulus, in quem *mutatam Ulyssis navem*, a simili specie fama est:—lib. iv. 19. The similitude is certainly, at present, not very striking.

exceed the elegance of the address, with which Ulysses presents himself to the daughter of Alcinous :—

Γουνοῦμαι σε ἄνασσα· θεὸς νὺ τις, ἢ βροτὸς ἐσσί;
Εἰ μὲν τις θεὸς ἐσσὶ, σοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔχουσιν,
Ἀρτέμιδι σε ἔγωγε, Διὸς κούρῃ μεγάλοιο,
Εἶδος τε, μέγεθός τε, φυὴν τ' ἀγχίσπα ἴσκω·
Εἰ δὲ τις ἐσσι βροτῶν, τοι ὑπὲρ χθονὶ ναιετάουσι,
Τρισμάκαρες μὲν σοὶ γε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
Τρισμάκαρες δὲ κασίγνητοι· μάλα που σφισι θυμὸς
Αἰὲν ἰϋφρεσύνῃσιν ἰαίνεται, εἵνεκα σεῖο,
Λευσσόντων τοῖόνδε θάλος χορὸν εἰσοιχνεῦσαν.
Κῖνος δ' αὖ περὶ κῆρι μακάρτατος ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
Ὅς κε σ' ἰδνοισι βρίσας οἶκόνδ' ἀγάγηται. κ. τ. λ.

Odyss. lib. vi. 149.

The melody of this beautiful passage is successfully preserved in the graceful translation by Pope—

" If from the skies a goddess, or if earth,
Imperial virgin, boast thy beauteous birth,
To thee I bend!—if in that bright disguise
Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,
Hail, Dian, hail!—the huntress of the groves
So shines majestic, and so stately moves,
So breathes an air divine!—But, if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung,
Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Blest are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms allied:
Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
When stately in the dance you swim th' harmonious maze:

But blest o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms,
Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms[1]!"

There is hardly any spot in this part of the island, on which the eye may not dwell with unmixed gratification; the only defect is a want of variety in the foliage, the olive being almost the sole plant that vegetates in any luxuriancy. But perhaps some little abatement to the pleasure of the *eye* may be found in the dissonant croakings with which the *ear*, at this season, is incessantly afflicted from the marshes and stagnant pools—

"While hoarsest frogs their amorous descant sound."

It would be impossible to convey, by any assemblage of letters, a description of the very peculiar noise produced by this continuous gabble. The

[1] According to Pausanias, "Ulysses, approaching Nausicaa and her attendants," was selected by Polygnotus, as the subject for a painting in the Athenian Gallery.

Mr. Payne Knight, in his elegant and instructive Essay on Taste, cites this passage,—whether seriously or otherwise—to shew that the principles of good breeding or politeness are the same in all ages and all countries:—"While the high-born princess, with real dignity and real delicacy, listens to the supplications and relieves the necessities of the naked shipwrecked mariner, her half-bred attendants, mistaking, as usual, affectation for dignity, and timidity for delicacy, run screaming away!"

jargon in Aristophanes, Βρεκεκεκὲξ κοὰξ, κοὰξ, does not, by any mode of pronunciation, either ancient or modern, that I have heard, present more than a faint resemblance to it; though the habitual practice is described by the chorus with sufficient accuracy:—

ἀλλα μην κεκραξομισθά γ',
'ΟΠΟΣΟΝ 'Η ΦΑΡΤΓΞ "ΑΝ 'ΗΜΩΝ
ΧΑΝΔΑ'ΝΗ, δι' ἡμέρας,
Βρεκεκεκέξ κοὰξ, κοὰξ—

RANÆ, v. 258.

A fantastical ceremony took place yesterday in honour of the patron saint, Spiridion, whose relics are said to have been discovered many years after his interment, uninjured by any of those ravages which "flesh is heir to." Bell-ropes in this country there are none; but the music of the steeples is produced by striking the metal with an iron bar; an office performed by grave personages, whose garb and action give them a resemblance to the grotesque figures that decorate the dial of St. Dunstan's in Fleet-street. At the dawn of day every belfry was in full activity, and an universal clattering continued till about eleven, when the procession began to pass through the

most public places in the city. The body of the saint was borne in a palanquin, and displayed with the most impartial ostentation both to the profane and initiated; and as the venerable mummy moved along, the crowds which came out to do it homage went through their various Catholic evolutions with infinite effect and precision.

Absurd as all this may appear in England, it is considered of such importance here to humour the popular prejudices, that the English troops were required to assist in the solemnity, and actually bore very conspicuous parts in the exhibition.

Under so imperfect a system as marked the successive tyrannies of the Turkish, Venetian, and French dominions, where the only passion addressed was that of *fear*, it is scarcely to be wondered that vices the most abject and degrading should have become generally prevalent: it is only from the union of conciliation and firmness which characterises the existing government, that a gradual amelioration may rationally be expected in the disposition and manners of the people. Society will thus eventually become remodelled: the

influence of English habits will necessarily extend itself to all the various classes in the community; while the powerful genius of the protecting state, infusing new spirit into *the heart of the people*, will cause its life-blood to circulate with health and vigour " through every artery of the constitution."

The packet for England will be made up to-morrow. We hope to embark for Prevesa the day following.

LETTER II.

Arta, 6th April.

Sir T. M—l—d having furnished us with such papers of recommendation as were necessary to secure a safe passage through the territories of the Pasha of Joannina, we left Corfu on the 2nd instant, in a Greek vessel of about forty tons burthen. The wind, which was at first favourable, died away during the night, so that we did not reach Prevesa till the morning of the 4th. The scenery on the Albanian coast, a few miles before the entrance to the town, presents many of those beauties which the combined charms of climate and feature are required to produce. A deep olive-grove skirts the borders of the water for some distance on the left; the isle of St. Maura is nearly in front, while the view to the right is diversified by woodland, and bounded by lofty hills, thrown into every variety of surface, the highest points of which are still covered with snow. The harbour

is commanded by a small fort, but at present without any military attendants. The town itself is extremely wretched; and there is throughout such a mixture of gorgeous stateliness and squalid penury, as gives a stranger the most unpleasant sensations. We were conducted to the house of the British agent, who is a native of the country, but conversant in the Italian language. While our breakfast was preparing, he sent his son and an Albanian guard to attend us to the ruins of Nicopolis. The site of that ancient city exhibits the most complete spectacle of desolation I have yet anywhere witnessed: but there are still surviving evidences of its former grandeur; and the spectator can be at no loss to recognise some vestige of the splendid trophy, erected to commemorate a victory which decided the empire of the world. The works of art, plundered by Augustus from other states to embellish his new colony, have long since disappeared; and of all the variety of statues, which Pausanias says were taken from the Ætolians and Acarnanians, not a single fragment now remains. Among the few skeletons of buildings which can at present be identified, there are two theatres,

constructed on the model of those at Rome. One appears to have been on a very extensive scale; it was situated at the extremity of the town, on the acclivity of a hill, whose gradual rise is happily adapted to an adjustment of places for the spectators.

Some of the peasantry, seeing us engaged in examining the fragments of the different structures, came to offer us several pieces of coin which had been dug from amidst the rubbish. There were none of very ancient date, or of much value; and the proprietors, to do them justice, seemed disposed to part with the entire cargo on very reasonable terms. Nothing perhaps is more fluctuating than the price of these *metallic miniatures*[1]. The intrinsic worth of an old coin, according to Addison, does not consist in its metal, but in its erudition,—"it is the device which has raised the species; so that at present an *as* or an *obolus* may carry a higher price than a *denarius* or a *drachma;* and a piece of money that was not worth a penny fifteen hundred years ago, may be now rated

[1] *Concisum argentum in titulos, faciesque minutas.*
JUV. SAT. xiv. v. 291.

at fifty crowns, or perhaps a hundred guineas." The taste for this description of *vertù* is, however, extremely capricious. A short time since, the demand was such, as to make it a profitable speculation to forge these ancient representatives of majesty; but the fraud was eventually detected, and the general rule is now, I believe, not to give more than double the value of the metal, estimated by its weight[1].

In the afternoon we hired a small bark to take us to *Salagora*, where we arrived in the course of two hours. On entering the gulf, the high points

[1] The pursuits of the virtuosi are of all others perhaps the most susceptible of delusion. A very learned author, a few years since, reminded his readers, with much caustic pleasantry, of an old adventure in *vertù*, which fell out at the taking of Carthage:—how Scipio found there a *brazen bull*—how he took it, backed by the opinion of some Sicilians in his camp, to be the famous bull of PHALARIS!—how he had it shipped off to its supposed native place, sending with it a message, in which, along with some *sound* political reasoning, he announced his firm belief in the bull!—That Scipio was not without arguments for believing in the bull, the reader may be assured—"yet the reader may be also assured," adds the writer above alluded to, "that whatever arguments Scipio had, the bull he found at Carthage had never been the bull of Agrigentum!"—(*Dissertation on the Sarcophagus brought from Alexandria, and now in the British Museum.*)

of St. Maura are faintly visible; but we were too remote to trace, with any degree of accuracy, the outlines of that fatal promontory, whence Sappho sought a refuge from the most tyrannous, and the most resistless, of all earthly feelings—

Μή ποτ', ὦ δέσποιν, ἐπ' ἐμοὶ
Χρυσέων τοξων ἰφτίνι
Ἰμέρῳ χρίσασ', ἄφυκτον ἰόεσσαν.—*Eurip. Med.* 638.

" Ne'er from thy golden bow, Queen of soft joy,
" Steep'd in desire, thy shafts 'gainst *me* employ."

The wind was fresh, and the sail through the strait extremely pleasant. Yet amid the splendour of the surrounding scenery, with all the animating recollections of the battle, and all the imagined fascinations of the " bright Egyptian queen," I insensibly thought of the suicide Cleombrotus,—whose conviction, in the reasonings of PLATO[1], surpassed even the well-bred acquiescence of *Simmias* and *Cebes*, and who fairly put the philosopher's theory to the proof, by leaping from a lofty projection on this coast into the waters which flow round its base[2].

[1] Φαίδων—ἢ περὶ ψυχῆς—a dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul.

[2] Callimachi quidem epigramma in Ambraciotam Cleom-

The only building at Salagora is a seraglio of Ali Pasha. Aware of the extensive authority of that ferocious chieftain, we had taken the precaution to procure a letter from the consul at

brotum est; quem ait, cum nihil ei accidisset adversi, e muro se in mare abjecisse, *lecto Platonis libro.* (Tusc. Quest. i. 34.)

The following is the epigram which Cicero alludes to:—

Εἶπας Ἥλιε χαῖρε, Κλεόμβροτος ὠ'μ βραχιώτης,
Ἧλατ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ τείχεος εἰς ἀΐδην,
Ἄξιον οὐδὲν ἴδων θανάτοῦ κακὸν, ἀλλὰ Πλάτωνος
Ἓν τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς γράμμ' ἀναλιξάμενος.

This very celebrated treatise—the subject of epigrammatic smartness—is described by Gray in the following terms:—

"The historical part of it is admirable, and though written and disposed with all the art and management of the best tragic writer, (for the slightest circumstance in it wants not its force and meaning,) it exhibits nothing to the eye but the noble simplicity of nature. Every intelligent reader will feel, what those who were eye-witnesses are said to have felt, namely, *απὸη τινα χρῶσιν, απο τι της ἡδονης συγκιχραμενην ὁμου και της λυπης.* The *innocence,*—the *humanity,*—the *cheerfulness,* and the *unaffected intrepidity of Socrates* will draw some tears from him (as it did many from them) as for the loss of a father; and will at the same time, better than any arguments, shew him a soul which, if it were not so, at least deserved to be immortal.

"Socrates attempts in this dialogue to prove, that true philosophy is but a continual preparation for death;—its daily study and practice being to wean and separate the body from the soul, whose pursuit of truth is perpetually stopped and impeded by the numerous avocations, the little pleasures, pains, and necessities of its companion:—that, as death is but a transition from its opposite, life, (in the same manner as heat is from cold, weakness from strength, and all things, both in the natural and

Prevesa to the principal officer of this establishment. The billet was folded with ceremonious formality, and addressed—

Τῶ εντιμώτατῳ Κὺριῳ Κὺριῳ
Ανδρει Πεδαργῳ:

the moral woral from their contraries,)—so life is only a transition from death; whence he would infer the probability of a metempsychosis. That such propositions, as every one assents to at first, being self-evident, and no one giving any account how such parts of knowledge on which the rest are founded were originally conveyed to our mind, there must have been a pre-existent state, in which the soul was acquainted with these truths, which she recollects and assents to on their recurring to her in this life.—That, as truth is eternal and immutable, and not visible to our senses, but to the soul alone; and as the empire which she exercises over the body bears a resemblance to the power of the Divinity, it is probable that she, like her object, is everlasting and unchangeable, and, like the office she bears, something divine.—That it cannot be, as some have thought, merely a harmony resulting from a disposition of parts in the body, since it directs, commands, and restrains the functions of that very body.—That the soul, being the cause of life to the body, can never itself be susceptible of death; and that there will be a state of rewards and punishments, the scene of which he takes pains in describing, though he concludes that no man can tell exactly where, or what it will be."

Dennis, in his famous Critique on Cato, mentions a translation of this dialogue by *Bernard Lintot:* Mr. Lintot's performance has long been out of print—a modern translation appeared a few years since, published by Mr. Black, of Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

I was somewhat surprised, therefore, on being introduced to that "*most honoured lord,*" to find him employed in weighing out grain to several of the peasantry, who were waiting at the steps of the palace. Sancho hinted to the knight of La Mancha, when dispatched with a message to the sublime Lady Dulcinea, that it was not impossible he might interrupt his princess in her diurnal avocation of carding flax, or threshing in the barn; and that, instead of stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold, he should peradventure find her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back yard of the mansion. The worthy squire had formed his surmise from an intimate acquaintance with the *genealogy* of the house of Toboso; but as we were absolutely uninformed upon all points respecting the extraction of the governor of the seraglio, and had no means of illumination from any office of heraldry in the neighbourhood, we resolved on a scrupulous compliance with whatever usages the dignity of station might prescribe[1].

[1] The gorgeous title with which the worthy Consul bedecked this subaltern agent of the Pasha, scarcely surpasses in

Our consul's illustrious correspondent received the note with an air that indicated his being accustomed to much more important communications, and proceeded, with the most elevated indifference, to inquire into the subject of its contents. The seraglio happened, a little unluckily at this juncture, to be in rather a dilapidated condition, the principal apartments having for some time past been applied to the purpose of a granary: the governor mentioned this circumstance in terms of great delicacy and politeness, urging it as a reason for being obliged to consign us during the night to a sort of hen-roost. We reposed, however, without any molestation in our aërial dormitory, and the next morning engaged horses, at three piastres for each, to take us to this place, where we arrived in the course of five hours.

ludicrous absurdity the affected jargon by which "the March of Intellect" has chosen to designate the labouring classes in England. These are now universally distinguished by the name of *Operatives!* a term borrowed from the "*philosophy*" of Glasgow and Edinburgh. But our language, as Mr. Cobbett long since observed, "is fast refining itself out of its senses. Every person, above the degree of a handicraftsman, calls himself an ESQUIRE!—and our women, down to the very scullions, are all *ladies*."

The route lies over a dead flat, surrounded by mountains; the surface is therefore, perhaps unavoidably, in many places covered with stagnant water; and an almost total ignorance of the resources of agriculture seems to have reduced it to the condition of an irreclaimable waste. For the accommodation of passengers, a paved causeway has been constructed in particular parts, and this is still kept in sufficient repair to answer every purpose of travelling, except that of expedition.

The approach to Arta is finely picturesque: it is situated at the base of the Cassiopeian mountains, just above a clear and rapid stream, which was anciently called the Arethon, but termed by the moderns Asdhas. Across this river there is thrown a bridge of very singular structure, the chief arch rising, with great abruptness, to a height of nearly ninety feet. The inhabitants are very eager to point out this peculiarity to the stranger, but it seems at best only an equivocal evidence of their proficiency in the principles of architecture. The town is entirely modern, and seems to comprise all the defects of a Turkish city. We are lodged in the house of a Jewish merchant; and I shall

not easily forget our introduction to the different members of the family, who were arranged with due solemnity to receive us. Every individual in the circle seemed afflicted with some wound or ulcer; and as we knew the plague had raged here only a short time since, it immediately occurred to us, that the venerable group before our eyes presented indisputable symptoms of its worst virulence. It was, however, useless to express any apprehensions on such a subject; and as the forms of salutation did not require the familiarity of personal contact, we hoped to stand a chance of escaping without infection.

Arta is divided into districts, in which the natives of different countries have their respective habitations. The Armenians inhabit one quarter; the Jews another; the Albanians a third; the Turks a fourth, &c. &c. The Turkish division were the chief victims of the pestilence, the majority of that part of the population having been nearly exterminated by this dreadful scourge. The principal street is an almost uninterrupted line of shops, consisting of small platforms raised about twelve or eighteen inches above the ground. They are co-

vered by tiled sheds, which project so far on each side, as nearly to inclose the whole area, consequently a very narrow aperture only is left for the circulation of air. Straggling vine-branches are in a few places trained against the sides of the buildings; and if this method were generally adopted, it might contribute very much to purify the atmosphere, which is here contaminated by a variety of putrid substances. Those vapours which are most injurious to animal life, constitute the nutriment of vegetables, by whose absorbing vessels the noxious particles are imbibed, and whose leaves, when acted on by the sun's influence, pour forth in return streams of pure air; or what, in chemical language, is now termed oxygen. Some such perpetual correctives are indispensable in this place, where the animals are slaughtered in the streets, and their entrails thrown into the kennel in the centre. This alone, in hot weather, would be sufficient to generate disease; but rubbish of various descriptions is constantly adding to the corrupt mass, so that the frequency with which the inhabitants are visited by epidemic disorders is so far from creating astonishment, that it should rather

excite surprise that they are ever totally exempt from them.

The neighbouring hills are said to furnish wines of an excellent flavour, and tobacco of a very superior quality is among the chief objects of cultivation. Wild boars, deer, and the inferior species of game are to be found in the forests; but I have not learned what kind of *licence* is necessary to engage in the pleasures of the chace. There is a considerable commerce here in grain of various kinds, and in cotton, flax, gum, raw wool, hides, and coarse cloths. Indeed, Arta is usually considered as the chief emporium of the lower districts of Albania.

There is no relic of antiquity discoverable either in the town or environs. The only object which claims the attention of the stranger, is the ruin of a Greek church, supposed to have been founded by Michael Paleologus: in this, however, there is nothing which particularly merits observation. A colossal head of the Saviour, rudely done in mosaic, crowns the dome; the sanctuary is occasionally used for the service of the Greek liturgy.

LETTER III.

Joannina, 9th April, 1817.

THE grand festival of Easter, which is observed with scrupulous devotion by members of the Greek communion, made it a circumstance of considerable difficulty to procure horses, except on very extravagant terms. After many fruitless applications at the stables of the different proprietors, we at length hired a sufficient number at the rate of eleven piastres[1] each, to take us to this city.

We set out with the first blush of the dawn.—It was one of those bright and vivid mornings in the early part of spring, which invest all nature with the most animating radiance—the forests bursting forth in all the varieties of nascent vegetation, or blooming with flowers of every hue—the air perfumed by mountain gales, and enlivened by sounds of joyous melody. In scenes such as these, and

[1] About two Spanish dollars.

with such accompaniments, the spirits are kindled to a tone of rapture!—Every warm and generous feeling is more powerfully awakened; and while the heart swells with ardent gratitude to heaven, it beats with good-will towards everything on earth.

The route has few features of striking or general interest; the soil appears to be shallow, and is only partially cultivated; for many miles together it is entirely neglected. In some points the scenery is grand and picturesque, but the aspect for the most part is that of a stony desert, with no vegetation beyond the dwarf holly. There are scarcely more than half-a-dozen houses perceptible from the beaten road, which in some places seems almost impassable by any quadruped less nimble than a goat. The horses let out to travellers are generally very small, seldom rising more than thirteen hands, but they are hardy and extremely sure-footed, and if left to choose their way through the rugged acclivities of the mountains, very rarely fall. This is the more remarkable, from the peculiar manner in which they are shod. A thin plate of iron covers nearly the whole of the foot—by constant friction the metal soon becomes perfectly smooth and po-

lished—had the smith been desirous of inventing a method for rendering the animal's paces insecure, he could not, to all appearance, have hit on a more happy expedient.

The distance between Arta and this place is probably somewhere about forty miles, calculating from the time we employed to accomplish it. The baggage prevented our exceeding a foot's pace, and we were fourteen hours on the road, exclusive of fifty minutes where we halted to bait. Taking therefore the average rate of walking at three miles per hour, the extent of the journey will be forty-two miles. About mid-way there is a large building for the reception of travellers, but the Αυθέντης[1] (Affendi) was absent on a visit at a considerable distance, to partake in the festivities of the season, and we were obliged to shelter ourselves among the rocks below the outer walls. It was not indeed without difficulty that we were allowed to remain even there—but the master of our equipage finally succeeded in appeasing the angry proprietors. We reached the capital of Albania at nine in the evening, one of the coldest and most severe I ever re-

[1] A term equivalent to the Italian word *Padrone*.

member at this advanced period of the spring. Here the Paschal festivities again interfered to prevent our obtaining admission at any house of entertainment: the principal inn long refused to open its doors, a voice from within proclaiming, in no very friendly accents, that every corner of the dwelling was pre-occupied by travelling merchants. At length, when I began seriously to suspect that we should be obliged to pass the night on our horses, we were ushered into a stable more foul than the stalls of Augeas. There we were recommended to dismount, and, having climbed up a broken ladder, were shewn into a hovel nearly eight feet square, in which spacious apartment we were invited, as the only alternative to sleeping in the streets, to remain with our servants till the morning. Our chamber, of the dimensions above described, was plastered with mud and reeds, which were so decayed as to give entrance to the wind through innumerable crevices: the ceiling was composed of loose and broken pantiles; and in addition to these ventilators, there was a large orifice in the centre, to admit the light and air. We contrived, with some difficulty, to kindle a fire sufficient to boil a few

eggs, and with this repast lay down on our baggage with our feet towards the ashes. But a variety of causes prevented any continued sleep: a litter of children were in the adjoining shed, and some poultry kept up an almost uninterrupted incantation. We slumbered, however, at intervals, till the dawn, when we desired to be conducted to the residence of the English agent, who had been dispatched on a special mission respecting the surrender of Parga. That gentleman received us with the most attentive civility; and, by an application to the Vizier, soon procured for us a habitable lodging [1].

[1] On landing at Salagora we were accosted by a mariner,—a native of Parga, and the owner of some property there,—in terms of the most eager and anxious inquiry respecting the future disposal of his country. Strong hopes were, he said, entertained by all classes, of the generous interference of England being successfully exerted to rescue their hearths and altars from the fell gripe of Ali Pasha, whose inextinguishable feelings of vindictive tyranny he depicted in all the exaggerated colours which alarm and horror could suggest. Some of the tales which he rehearsed were enough to harrow the soul, and strike the heart of cruelty itself with pity. Let us hope, however, that they are greatly overcharged, if not entirely without foundation. To the eye of fear, every object of distrust assumes colossal proportions.

LETTER IV.

Joannina, April 10th, 1817.

THE life of Ali Pasha, the present ruler of Albania, has been extraordinary and eventful; and you will easily imagine there is no want of materials for an interesting biography. Such information as I have been able to collect on the subject, separate from whatever may appear violently to outrage probability, I proceed to relate, in as few words as I can find to express myself.

The birth-place of Ali Pasha is a small village adjoining Tepelini, a town of the ancient Thesprotia, and distant between sixty and seventy miles to the north of Joannina. His family had hereditary possessions in that neighbourhood; and his father held the rank and station of a Pasha of two tails. His mother is reported to have been endowed with courage beyond her sex; and it is from this parent that the individual, who is in possession of sovereign

authority here and in the adjoining provinces, is supposed to derive those peculiar traits of character, which have given him the ascendancy in Greece.

He lost his father while yet very young, and being then incapable of any personal exertions, he would inevitably have been stripped of all his paternal possessions, if his mother had not put herself at the head of some faithful adherents, and repelled the invaders with the sword. In the midst of these scenes of petty warfare, the youthful Ali necessarily acquired habits of hardihood, and his faculties early developed themselves in a manner which increased the confidence of his party. As soon as he could support the weight of a musket, he appeared in the ranks as a private soldier; and having won the esteem of his countrymen by repeated acts of heroism, began at length to take on himself the direction of those affairs which had hitherto been so ably conducted by his mother. He soon proved himself equal to the complicated duties of his new situation, and for a long time foiled all the stratagems whch were practised to crush him; till, after a series of ill success, he was ultimately reduced to an extremity which left him destitute of any

means of supporting his troops. In this exigency, having made a desperate attack on a formidable band of opponents, he was compelled to a precipitate retreat, and with difficulty eluded the search of his pursuers, by plunging into the recesses of a cavern. It is asserted by one of his biographers, that while reflecting in this place of concealment, on the peculiarity of his fortune, he suddenly perceived the stick, with which he was unconsciously tracing out figures on the sand, strike against some hard substance. With a view more to employ his attention, than from any idea of making an interesting discovery, he set about excavating the spot, where he found, at a slight depth beneath the surface, a vase filled with coins of various denominations, and making an aggregate of considerable value. Regarding this as a most favourable omen, he instantly took measures for organizing a troop of adventurers, and shortly afterwards found himself master of a booty sufficient for the maintenance of a little army. At the head of this chosen band he returned to the place of his nativity, regained possession of his hereditary domains, and entered Tepelini in triumph. From

this epoch his authority progressively increased; his standard became a rallying-point to the ardent and enterprising, and he quickly began to elevate his views beyond the narrow horizon which bounded his native province, till, on the execution of the late Pasha, whose incapacity brought on his government all the miseries of anarchy, Ali was appointed by the Porte to the pashalic of Albania.

Superior to the attacks of adverse fortune, he has been equally proof against the seductions of prosperity. By some well-timed concessions to the districts he had subdued, he found means to incorporate their inhabitants with those of his more attached subjects, whose affections he confirmed by an unlimited toleration of the Greek religion. Thus secure in his immediate government, he had no difficulty in extending his alliance with the ruling authorities in Thessaly; and associating his two eldest sons with him in his administration, he procured for each the dignity of a Pasha. At length, after a series of good fortune surpassing his most ardent hopes, his services at Widden, towards the close of the last century, were rewarded with the

highest marks of distinction which the government at Constantinople has to bestow. Though now far advanced in life, he is still very adroit in all manly exercises, and is regarded as consummate in the management of his horse, in whose dress and accoutrements he affects peculiar elegance. In the exercise of his authority he is experienced, sagacious, and provident: equally unrivalled for boldness of design and promptness of execution, the "firstlings of his heart" are usually "the firstlings of his hand;" but where a subtler policy is required, he has a wonderful faculty in engaging opposite parties to his interests by every art of address, and the most successful application to their humours and passions. Such are among the admirable qualities of this remarkable person. On the other hand, he is represented as being cruel, treacherous, and faithless; without honour, and without religion. Many instances are recorded of his vindictive policy; but the merciless revenge with which he visited the town of Gardiki, whose inhabitants had on some occasion treated his mother with indignity, surpasses all the rest, both in extent and atrocity. The citizens were driven into an enclosure from which

35

there was no possibility of escape, and exposed to a fire of musketry directed from every quarter. The Pasha assisted personally at the massacre, and probably considered it as a meritorious act of atonement to the manes of an injured parent. The tributary provinces were thus taught a tremendous lesson ; they were convinced that the Vizier's power admitted not the shadow of resistance, and that his vengeance, like the wrath of heaven, accumulated in proportion to its delay.

It is from this very formidable personage, that we have received an invitation to visit the Seraglio to-morrow.

LETTER V.

Joannina, April 14, 1817.

We assembled this morning, soon after ten o'clock, at the apartments of Mr. C * *, the Consul from Patras, where we found an officer from the palace waiting to escort us. Having traversed the principal quarters of the city, we entered a fortress surrounded by a moat: within this inclosure, comprising a space of some extent, there are dwellings for no inconsiderable part of the population. The ground is divided into streets, and furnished with shops supplied with every requisite for the use of the inhabitants. The palace is finely situated at the extremity, on an eminence which overlooks the lake; having the view terminated on one side by the Suliote Mountains, and on the north by the lower range of Pindus. It is a vast, irregular pile, forming three-fourths of a spacious quadrangle: the architecture, as you may suppose, is extremely rude,

and the ornaments in the highest degree barbarous and fantastical. Detachments of the Albanian troops were waiting in the square, some lying down under the projections of the walls, others grouped in small parties listening to an animated narrative, or singing some national air; presenting altogether a scene wild and savage, but giving evident indications that they were fully sensible of the *reflective* credit which every soldier may be supposed to share who serves under a chief of acknowledged talent.

The following extract from Childe Harolde's reception at Tepelini will convey a far more vivid idea than any prose description might hope to reach, of a similar spectacle at Joannina:—

—— He passed the sacred Haram's silent tower,
And underneath the wide o'er-arching gate,
Survey'd the dwelling of this Chief of power,
Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate:
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait;
Within a palace, and without a fort,
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide-extending court below:
Above strange groups adorn'd the corridore:

And ofttimes, thro' the area's echoing door,
Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away;
The Turk, the Greek, th' Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announc'd the close of day.

The wild Albanian, kirtled to the knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroider'd garments fair to see;
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon:—
The Delhi, with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek,
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

Are mix'd conspicuous: some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;
Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
Hark! from the Mosque, the nightly solemn sound:
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD!—TO PRAYER—LO! GOD IS GREAT!

In marble-pav'd pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breath'd repose,
ALI reclin'd, a man of war and woes;
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds which lurk within, and stain him with disgrace.

It is not that yon hoary length'ning beard
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth;
Love conquers age;—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
So sings the Teian—and he sings in sooth.
But 'tis those ne'er-forgotten acts of ruth,
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
In years, that mark him with a tiger's tooth;
Blood follows blood, and, thro' their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who in blood began.

Canto II. Stanza lv., &c.

After passing several outer rooms, thronged with the retinue of the Vizier's court, we arrived at the apartments of the Prince, whom we found sitting in one corner of a small but well-finished saloon. Several attendants in Greek costume waited in file at the entrance: they were all richly clothed, and some remarkable for their personal elegance. The Pasha received us with every expression of courtesy, and motioned to us to sit down near him, which I immediately obeyed at a slight distance on his right: my friends were ranged in a line below, and the Consul was seated on his left. He began with the usual routine of questions, and said, with much civility, that as soon as he had heard of our arrival, he sent one of his officers to procure us accommodations. He then inquired if any of the

party had served in the army, and, being satisfied on this point, pursued his questions with increased interest.

It is extremely difficult to make a Turk comprehend the charm of classic recollections: ALI,—who probably felt no greater veneration for '*Homo*' than what Ensign Northerton expressed for that sage,—did not appear quite satisfied, that, in visiting his territories, we could be influenced solely by a desire to survey those scenes, the renown of which had been impressed on us with our rudiments: he nevertheless signified, in very obliging terms, a desire to assist our views. He then made some complimentary observations on the English character, and expressed an anxiety to testify his esteem for so generous and powerful a nation.

Where the ceremonies of etiquette prohibit any interchange of remark, or where the dialogue is maintained almost entirely by guarded question on one side, and measured reply on the other, the conversation soon languishes into insipidity. We were fast approaching to such crisis, when the Vizier made a signal to the persons in waiting to bring some refreshments. They soon appeared with a

splendid equipage of coffee, which was distributed to each of the party, served in rich china vases supported by gold caskets. A pipe, nearly eight feet in length, the mouth-piece of which was studded with diamonds, was delivered to Mr. C., who instantly commenced smoking with an air of much scientific deliberation. The Pasha amused himself with a splendid hookah. As this is an exercise which is not very favourable to discussion, we had an opportunity of observing, rather more at leisure, the person and features of our host. His figure appears to be about the middle standard, but inclining to corpulency; it undoubtedly wants that imposing air, in the composition of which height is perhaps a necessary ingredient. Yet the absence of this melodramatic recommendation,—invaluable to the individual whose chief business it is to strut in a procession,—is amply compensated by the hardihood and muscular flexibility which usually mark a frame of lighter proportions. There is nothing I think in his countenance calculated to impress the spectator with awe—nihil metûs in vultu—I should rather say, gratia oris supererat. The contour of his face is certainly handsome and prepossessing, and indi-

cative rather of conviviality, than sternness or obduracy. Such, at least, is its unruffled appearance—but, on any topic affecting his interests, he is said to be extremely animated; the form of his visage becomes then totally changed, and his features sufficiently pourtray his internal agitation. I have been assured notwithstanding, that he is anxious on all occasions to be informed of THE TRUTH, *and can bear to hear its harshest details.* His dress was plain, but extremely neat, and in the Turkish costume, the beard descending to the waist: an ornamented belt was girt round his loins, to which were attached a scimitar and a brace of pistols, richly inlaid with gems.

None of his personal attendants practised any of those prostrations usually observed in oriental ceremonies; their carriage was decorous and respectful, but their attitude always erect. He seems to have studied the essentials of sovereignty, ignorant or regardless of its showy decorations. When we had finished our coffee, he inquired if we should like to see the palace, and being assured that it would give us particular gratification, he delivered to one of his officers a collection of keys, (for he is his own

treasurer, steward, &c. &c.) and ordered him to take us over the Seraglio. We accordingly withdrew, leaving the Consul to discuss the object of his embassy.

The Secretary carried us through several chambers decorated with much cost and barbarous splendour. The wainscot of one of the principal saloons is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ebony, coral, and ivory; but the workmanship seems harsh and ungraceful. The ceiling is plastered with massive gilding, the effect of which is rather cumbrous than ornamental: "not graced with elegancy, but daubed with cost." Pillars, of a composition to resemble the richest marbles, support the compartments, and the cornice is coloured with some imperfect efforts at Arabesque painting. There is, however, one article extremely elegant and well-finished—a low sofa, carried round three-fourths of the room, covered with dark velvet tastefully embroidered, and hung with gold fringe[1]. The general arrangement of the

[1] It is called a *divan*.—When the Turkish ministers assemble in council they repose on a seat of this kind, and hence the term has been transferred from the thing to the persons—as in the case of the English phrase, *cabinet*.

rooms is certainly grand and imposing, though occasionally deformed by much bad taste. I should not omit to mention, that our conductor desired us to notice two very handsome carpets, which he gave us to understand were of British manufacture.

In the apartment where Ali sleeps, the walls are hung with sabres and fire-arms of different descriptions; all of which are ornamented with precious stones. One of the scimitars is profusely adorned with diamonds and rubies, and a particular musket has a cartouche-box studded with brilliants of surpassing splendour, the central stone being nearly the size of a die. A fowling-piece, sent to the Pasha by Buonaparte, is also enriched with gems; though this last article is considered to derive its chief value from the circumstance of having been once the property of the imperial warrior, by whom it was presented. The chamber opens into a long and spacious gallery: at one extremity we observed a singularly-awkward piece of furniture, resembling a large old-fashioned arm-chair. So useless an article in a Turkish palace induced me to inquire the purpose to which it was applied; and I was informed that, on certain festivals, the Pasha

gives an entertainment for the diversion of the children of the principal families in the capital, who on such occasions assemble in the gallery. Ali himself always attends, to encourage and assist their gaiety; and, while reclining on this cumbrous seat, distributes to them, as they are successively presented to him, baskets of sweetmeats, and such other tokens of regard as are suited to their respective ages and condition. There may perhaps be much of policy in this conduct; yet the rugged warrior, who can, for a season at least, discard his habitual sternness, and unbend in playful and affectionate kindness to infancy,—humouring its little wayward caprices, and encouraging the sallies of mirth and sprightliness,—while he interests the affections, and wins the heart of every *parent*, may surely administer some cordial to his own, without the alloy of any selfish consideration.

LETTER V.

Joannina.

THE city of Joannina, or (as it is usually pronounced) *Yanina*, is comparatively of modern foundation. It fell into the power of the Turks during the reign of Sultan Murad, in the early part of the fifteenth century. The position is such as to render it susceptible of being strongly fortified, but Ali Pasha, for some reason or other, has neglected to raise any considerable works: his apparent object is to raise it into commercial importance[1]. The extensive plain, at whose extremity it is situated, has by some writers been dignified with the title of the Elysian Fields!—there are probably many other districts which may dispute its claim to so distin-

[1] Lycurgus used to assert, that bravery intrenched was a species of cowardice. The Governor of Albania may possibly be influenced by other considerations. His chief *treasures* are safely stored at Tepelini, a place of great strength.

guished an appellation. To identify, indeed, what has only a poetical existence, is literally to give to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name:" but, as the poet necessarily drew his ideas from some sensible objects, it is always open to conjecture to refer them to such natural beauties as present any marked correspondence either in feature or in situation[1].

From Pindus, east, to the mountains of Acroceraunia, west, a vast perspective unfolds itself, embellished by those varied combinations which are understood by the term picturesque, and protected by a temperate climate and radiant atmosphere.

The lake of Yanina, which, Lord Byron says, Dr. Pouqueville has mistakenly supposed to be the ancient Acherusia, stretches out in the direction of

[1] The forest of Dodona, whose extensive range clothes the acclivities of Mount Tomarus, would be an object of peculiar interest to the traveller, were it not that different authors have left it a subject of considerable doubt whether the city of that name was situated in Epirus or in Thessaly. The former is generally considered to have been the seat of the Oracle, though a diversity of sentiment exists respecting the district in which it was placed—some writers contending for Thesprotia, and others for Molossia or Chaonia. Those who are desirous of reconciling these opposite opinions, and have leisure for such amenities, may consult Eustathius, in his Commentary on the 14th Odyssey, and the 7th book of Strabo's Geography.

north and south to the distance of eight or nine miles: its greatest width, I should think, scarcely exceeds half a league. Towards the centre there is a small island, partially cultivated by some monastic society, who have erected a convent on the highest point. In the autumnal months the water is sometimes agitated in a very violent manner; and the shocks of an earthquake, accompanied by loud explosive sounds, are repeated at short intervals during the same day, though without producing injurious consequences. The town is supposed to contain between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants: of these the Greeks are by far the most considerable, both numerically and in point of long establishment, many of their families having been settled here several centuries. The population, besides these, is formed principally of Turks, Jews, and Albanians, but I am not able to ascertain their respective proportions. The Albanians are chiefly among the labouring classes and the military: these last are quartered upon the Greeks, who, though they dare not dispute the *billets*, feel the pressure as a very severe imposition. A merchant is sometimes ordered to find provision for forty or fifty of the Vizier's

soldiery—troops who have few or none of the *subordinate* habits of regular European forces, and whose licentiousness, in the absence of their chief, is subject only to the precarious restriction of caprice or satiety.

The general appearance of the city has, I think, been much over-rated. There are no public buildings distinguished by any architectural decorations, and the streets are for the most part narrow, dark, and gloomy: the most important of these leads to the bazaar, which, says Pouqueville, "*est un lieu vaste et très fréquenté.*" A celebrated traveller long since remarked, that the "French expression professes more than it performs!" This *vast place* is, in fact, nothing more than the union of several narrow alleys, scarcely wide enough to admit two horses abreast, and having all the inconveniencies of a confined and stagnant circulation. Here the different articles of commerce are deposited, and in no other quarter are shops allowed to be opened.

The dwellings of the poorer classes are low and ill-built: the middle ranks have, of course, superior accommodations; and the most opulent are usually lodged in spacious edifices, carried round

three sides of an area, with broad galleries extending along the principal part of the structure. The upper story of these buildings is chiefly of wood, plastered over with a coarse composition, and coloured with grotesque figures: the effect is often very ludicrous, though it has all the advantage of contrast, from the impurity of the adjacent objects.

The police, which is preventive as well as vindictive, is extremely vigilant and well conducted. At a given hour the bazaars are regularly closed every evening, and parties of Albanian soldiers patrole the streets during the night. No individual is suffered, on any pretext, to appear after dark without a torch or lantern; and the most profound tranquillity reigns throughout the city.

But the vigorous administration of Ali Pasha is not exclusively felt in the exertion of a strong compressing power; he aspires to be in some measure the patron of science, and to effect a moral advancement in his subjects by the encouragement of literature. The fashionable methods of Messrs. Bell and Lancaster have not yet indeed been introduced in Yanina, but there are two academies in the city for the instruction of the Greek population,

and these are very numerously attended. The principal school is presided over by Athanasius Psalida, whose reputation as a scholar, poet, and critic, has been acknowledged by his most enlightened contemporaries. The Greeks are evidently aspiring to emerge from the yoke under which they have so long been depressed: the Albanians, however, are more immediately the objects of interest to a resident in this city. "The Arnaouts, or Albanese," says Lord Byron, "struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a milder climate. The kilt, though white; their spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven."

Their dress is picturesque, and well adapted to the person, with the exception of the capote, which is of most cumbersome texture. They wear no turban; but a small red cap, garnished with a tassel of blue silk, is fitted to the crown of the head: the temples and forehead only are closely shorn, and the hair flows behind in long and wild ringlets; a fashion still preserved by their fellow-

subjects, the καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί. Except when engaged in active exercises, their movements are measured and solemn; and they acquire habitually a kind of swing in their walking, which, without any visible effort, carries them forward with considerable rapidity. The existing race of Greek females —as far as they have hitherto come under my observation—present no resemblance to those beautiful features which the ancient sculptors bequeathed to the world: their forms, too, are generally ungraceful; either from neglect, or a want of taste in adjusting the dress to the figure.

LETTER VII.

Joannina.

WHILE we were walking this morning in the area of the mansion where the British agent has apartments, a loud trampling of horses announced the approach of some distinguished visitor; and presently afterwards, Mouctar, the Vizier's eldest son, entered the court-yard, accompanied by ten or twelve attendants, armed with sabres, pistols, and carbines: he sprang nimbly from his saddle, and was ushered with much ceremonious formality to the state-chambers. This prince is generally considered as the chief heir to Ali's possessions. Trained in the school of his father, and educated under his immediate direction, his habits are perfectly congenial to the disposition of the Albanians; and with this class of his future subjects he is believed to enjoy a high degree of popularity. He appears to have past the age of forty; his complexion is dark and swarthy; his figure strong and

muscular; and his features, though not strikingly handsome, by no means destitute of expression. An act of heroism has been recorded of him during the contest near Prevesa, where he was personally engaged, which reflects so much credit on many of the parties concerned, that I am willing to believe the statement to have some foundation. The circumstances are probably a little overcharged; they have not, I think, the recommendation of being perfectly *original!*

An officer of the name of Richemont, who directed the French artillery, being compelled to abandon the town, fled to the ruins of Nicopolis. He was accompanied by a young officer of the name of Gabauri, known, says Pouqueville, throughout the army for his beauty and courage. They were pursued by a detachment of the enemy, and Richemont proposed to his friend to attempt to rally the straggling parties of their countrymen, who were feebly perishing in detail. Gabauri had scarcely set out to execute this attempt, when he was assaulted by an Albanian trooper; the contest was soon terminated, and they both fell lifeless. Richemont now no longer thought his own existence

worth preserving; and, totally regardless of all personal considerations, sought only to avenge the death of his associate. For this purpose he reserved his fire till the enemy should approach sufficiently near to give it effect; one of them, more impetuous than the rest, darted furiously towards him; Richemont adroitly avoided the shock, and by a discharge of his musket brought his antagonist to the ground; a second, who came to avenge his comrade, shared his fate. The enemy, appalled by such an unexpected resistance, paused for a few minutes; and Richemont reloaded his piece. As a parting blow, he directed his aim towards the son of the Vizier, but the ball missed its object, and pierced the thigh of one of Mouctar's attendants. He was soon after disarmed, and on the point of losing his head, when the young prince, eagerly throwing himself forward, warded off the stroke, and threatened with the severest chastisement whoever dared to treat his prisoner with disrespect. He had beheld with admiration the extraordinary proofs which Richemont had given of intrepidity, and these were alone sufficient to engage his esteem and protection.

The rains, which have been almost incessant since our arrival, and which pour down with a violence seldom known in England, have prevented our making any excursion in the environs: there are many interesting points in the immediate neighbourhood, but the village of Zitza, or Dzidza, about fourteen miles distant, is unrivalled for beauty and magnificence. Lord Byron has mentioned this place in terms which make it impossible not to feel a very strong desire to visit it.

I this morning purchased of a Jew a complete equipment of horse-furniture. The bits are sharp and heavy, with a central piece directed against the roof of the mouth, the pressure of which is so powerful, that a very slight check will throw the animal on his haunches, even when at full speed: the horses are so aware of this, that they seem as if afraid to trust themselves with any violent exertion. The saddles are large and well stuffed, with a curvature behind, like a demipique; above the pummel a knot rises about five inches, which is not of much service in assisting the seat; but in case of falling, might be of great injury to the rider. The stirrups are large and clumsy, in form

very like a common fire-shovel, but nearly double the size: the weight of the whole equipage cannot be much less than two stone.

Before we quit the town, it is necessary to have an official paper with the Pasha's signature; the instrument is termed a *byrouldi*, and serves as a passport wherever his authority is recognized. We were assured it should be sent to us some days ago; but, as his highness is not altogether exempt from that species of caprice, which makes his "humour serve as warrant," it is on every account advisable to select the *mollia tempora* for urging the application. His dominions are sufficiently extensive to include within their limits the whole of Epirus, the southern parts of Illyricum, and a considerable portion of Macedonia: he has also acquired possession of the greater part of Thessaly, Acarnania, Phocis, and Ætolia, and a division of Bœotia.

We are not yet able to fix the time for our quitting this place; some unexpected obstacles having arisen from an alleged misconception on the part of the officer who should furnish our horses: this, however, will surely admit of an easy explanation.

LETTER VIII.

Joannina.

THE repeated detention to which we have been subjected, has induced a supposition that there might have been some *intentional* informality in the *buyrouldi*. The Vizier issued an order three days ago, that no person should leave the capital, on any pretence whatever, till his pleasure was further made known: the reason for this prohibition is conjectured to be the account of an insurrection at Parga, and the sudden arrival of a courier on some very urgent mission from Constantinople. Early this morning, however, before we had quitted our beds, *Seid Achmet Effendi*, the confidential agent of Ali, called at our lodging, and sat nearly an hour on my pillow. His object was, evidently, to discover whether our excursion had any other motive than what we had assigned; a suspicion having arisen in the mind of the Vizier,

that Mr. C. was desirous of transmitting by us some important information to the British minister at the Porte. The worthy Effendi had resided in some public character a few years since in London; but he speaks English so imperfectly, that he judged it necessary to employ a Drogman on this occasion. The interpreter, indeed, was frequently the most difficult to be understood of the two, and we were occasionally betrayed into some very ludicrous observations. At length, however, the honest secretary became perfectly satisfied, that there would be no impropriety in allowing us to proceed without further interruption. He informed us, therefore, that we should receive the necessary documents the day after to-morrow; and they were, in fact, brought here about an hour after he left the house, by the Tartar who is expressly appointed our guide as far as Athens. The first of these is merely an order to the post-master, directing him to supply whatever number of horses we required, free of any charge, the Vizier himself undertaking to indemnify the owner for the cost. The second paper is rather more in detail, and extremely pithy both in tone and matter. It is addressed to the governors

and commandants of the different cities and provinces within his dominions; all of whom are enjoined, in peremptory language, to treat with every possible mark of respect and distinction certain English gentlemen, his friends, εὐγενεῖς φίλοι μου Ἰγγλέζοι; and to take due care that they are not, on any pretence whatever, subjected to the slightest hindrance or molestation:—κάμνωντες τους κὰθε ωεριϖοίησιν οπου νὰ μὴν τραβίσουν τὸ ϖαραμικρόν σικλὲτι [1]. The instrument is sealed and subscribed with the Vizier's sign-manual; the signet is extremely small; mere complimentary papers have a much larger impress, but are totally inefficient.

Protected by so formidable an authority, we propose to pursue our route by way of Metzovo, over Mount Pindus, and so through the plains of Thessaly to Tricala and Larissa.

[1] This expression is corrupted from the Turkish. The Romaic, like every other living language, is constantly adopting some new term; but its affinity to the ancient Greek is, at present, more close than that of the modern Italian to the Latin.

LETTER IX.

Larissa, April 23, 1817.

We left Yanina about mid-day on the 19th instant, impressed with high notions of the Pasha's munificence, who had undertaken, not only to give us safe conduct through his territories, but to furnish us with an equipage void of all expense. Our horses, though not remarkably fleet, were very "sure of foot," and we reached the base of the Pindus range about eight o'clock, designing to pass the night at a place of public entertainment called the "*Three Khanns.*" It will be difficult to make you comprehend the luxury which awaited us in this thrice-sumptuous tavern: the hovel from which Lear and his associates dislodged Edgar, could not have exceeded it in dirt and wretchedness. At six in the morning we remounted our horses, and almost immediately began the ascent of Pindus. In the course of three hours we arrived within sight of

Metzovo, a town of some extent, but so singular in its position, as to appear at a distance as if suspended from the acclivity. It is, notwithstanding, a place of some commercial enterprise, but the trade is chiefly conducted by Wallachians, who constitute no inconsiderable part of the population. Not far from hence is the source of the river Peneus. It takes an eastern direction, and, winding over the plains of Thessaly, flows through the vale of Tempe into the Archipelago. By some unaccountable transmutation of terms, it is at present called the *Salympria*, or Salampria[1].

The scenery thus far is not particularly interesting, the aspect of the mountains being for the most part rude and desolate, with scarcely any feature to relieve the general air of gloom and barrenness. After a cursory examination of the few objects which appeared to merit observation or inquiry, we recommenced climbing. The view now

[1] There are three other large rivers which derive their origin in this neighbourhood. 1. The Arta, which flows southwardly, and falls into the gulf so called on the Ionian Sea. 2. The Asprospotamos, formerly the Achelous, which has also a southern course. 3. The Viosa, which runs north-westwardly till it is lost in the Adriatic.

became more rich and varied, the steepest declivities being broken by groups of the stone-pine and shrubs of box; but the snow is still in many places above five feet deep, and the ascent so rapid as to be scarcely practicable by horses heavily laden. A Tartar, who overtook us in our route, attempting to force his way up a steep projection, suddenly slipped as he had nearly gained the point, and plunged backwards with his horse into the recess beneath; but the depth of the snow broke the violence of his fall, and he was extricated without any material injury [1]. On gaining the apex of the mountain, a splendid and extensive prospect bursts upon the eye, equalling perhaps all that the fancy images to itself of the residence of Apollo and the Muses. It comprehends the luxuriant valley of the Peneus, with Ossa and Olympus in the horizon.

We halted some time to enjoy the magnificence of the spectacle [2].

[1] These Tartars are extremely adroit on horseback, and have the reputation of supporting great personal fatigue. They are usually employed as couriers, and on certain occasions, where dispatch is required, the same individual will travel one hundred miles a day for a fortnight together.

[2] The perpendicular height of the loftiest point, *from the*

The descent on the eastern side is much less precipitous, and the acclivities are partially clothed with beech and plane-trees. In some places there are appearances of volcanic matter—in others broken blocks of red granite and verd antique are discoverable.

We arrived at a small town, the name of which I have forgotten, just as the twilight was beginning. In arranging the order of our route, we had fixed on this place for resting the second night; but the Tartar, whom we sent forward to accommodate matters with the public officers, could come to no agreement with the parties concerned. A sturdy band of peasants, assembled on a mound at the outskirts, soon convinced us of his utter insufficiency; and we afterwards learned that the chief of this tumultuous group,—the "village Hampden" of the corps,—to whom he delivered the Vizier's order,—tossed the minatory instrument from him with every expression of contempt and indignation.

level of the sea, has been estimated at about a mile and a half; but if measured from the first considerable angle which the base makes with the ground, this altitude would suffer a considerable reduction.

There was no alternative but to retrace our steps, or sleep on the heath. The former being considered the least inconvenient, we prepared to descend; but the night being now set in, we lost the beaten track, and the horses that were laden with the baggage had the utmost difficulty to maintain a footing. At length, after a most tedious and toilsome circuit, we regained the level, where a glimmering light at a little distance gave us hope of being near some village. Our Tartar was again commissioned to ride forward, and employ all his address and eloquence to procure a lodging; these were ultimately exerted with such success, that we obtained admission to a tenement which would scarcely have been received as an item in the marriage-portion of Sultan Mahmoud's owls!

"Il faut une grande religion," says the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, "pour ne pas franchir le Cithéron, le Ménale ou le Lycée, comme on passe des Monts vulgaires!" These expressions have something unusually caustic, coming from such a quarter. Mons. de Chateaubriand could scarcely have passed the meridian of life when he visited Greece, and he must then have possessed a light agile figure;

and his ardent and enthusiastic temperament would have enabled him successfully to contend with difficulties far more serious than any he has described. A person advanced in years might, possibly, think that it requires much of the devotion of classic recollections to balance the *désagrémens* inseparable from such a progress; but the elastic spring of youth either feels no obstacles, or bounds over them with joyous activity.

The next morning our landlord drew up a paper, which he entreated us to sign, containing a representation of the disloyal treatment exhibited to the Pasha's mandate. Had we taken time for reflexion, perhaps we should have hesitated in affixing our names to such a memorial; not being aware what measure of punishment it might draw down on the delinquents. The proprietor of the Khann was desirous to have such a document, as the means of indemnifying himself for the provisions he had furnished to our attendants; the amount of the charge being to be deducted, by the commandant of the district, from his individual contribution to the government. No payment whatever was demanded from us, and we took leave of

our host on very amicable terms soon after six o'clock. The road runs for several miles by the banks of the river, which is clear and rapid, but not more than three or four feet deep. On the day preceding, as we were crossing rather a wide reach, the violence of the current swept down two of the horses, one of which was not recovered but with the utmost difficulty: the heavy baggage escaped uninjured, but a material part of the canteens, and some of our fire-arms, were irretrievably lost.

We reached the rocks of Meteora about ten. There are few natural objects more fantastic than these insulated masses, which rise abruptly from the surface to a height between two and three hundred feet. The uniformity of the strata which pervade them, seems to prohibit the idea that they were dislocated by any violent convulsion; and the gradual and progressive agency of decay must, one would imagine, be of itself insufficient to produce appearances so bold and varied. The figure of some is conical; that of others resembles vast columns or towers; and the sides of all are so perpendicular as seemingly to defy any attempt to gain their summit. The zeal of a few ecclesiastics

of the Greek communion has nevertheless been able to subdue these obstructions, and the highest points of several of the most elevated are partially levelled, so as to admit of the erection of buildings dedicated to the service of religion. None of these structures have the air of very remote antiquity; but we could meet no person capable of giving any information respecting their date, or the peculiar fantasy which guided the devotees in selecting so incommodious a scite. Ecclesiastics usually aim to combine the *utile dulci* in the situation of convents and their dependencies; in this instance they seem to have been under the influence of a very opposite sentiment. Yet, whatever were the motives which guided them in the selection of so precarious an abode, the end to which it has been consecrated should claim our best respect.

However we may affect to despise those drones who work out their salvation in a corner, a better feeling is surely due to such who could voluntarily renounce the allurements of hope, and all the varied charms of that seductive prospect which encircles the horizon of youth—who could even quench the violence of appetite, and still the throbbings of

desire—not to retire into a barren wilderness or gloomy cloister, to wear out their days in the senseless exercise of solitary penance; but to dedicate their lives, by a series of active exertions, to promote the present happiness and future salvation of their species! Courage of the highest kind—self-devotedness—and a disregard of all ordinary motives of conduct,—must unquestionably have been felt by them in its purest and most exalted character.

In military expeditions, and in all enterprises in which nations embark, the shouts of the world, and the acclamations of an admiring country, animate and reward the zeal of the patriot soldier; but the religious champion pursues *his* career, for the most part, unknown and unseen: the scorn, the mockery, the numberless privations and insults of every kind which he has to endure, receive no mitigation in the applause or sympathy of his fellow-men; and if he sinks under the accumulated pressure of distress and difficulty, no subsequent feeling "embalms his memory in the recollection of a grateful posterity." It was by men of such high resolve and lofty daring, that the sublime truths of the gospel were first unfolded to the

world. Though beset on all sides by the powers of darkness,—though fanaticism, in its wildest form, arrayed its strength against them,—though the resources of all that power or wealth could furnish were successively applied, to purchase down submission, or overawe resistance—yet, *armed alone with the ensigns of the Cross*, they went forth to their hallowed task unshrinking and undismayed. They demolished the mighty fabric which idolatry had reared, by that mightier engine! they tore down an impious superstition from its height, and "buried it amid the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter!"

We halted at the base of the cliff on which the chief establishment is founded, and respectfully summoned the fraternity to admit us to their aërial habitation. This request was, however, not complied with: a venerable personage looked over the eminence, and gave us to understand that all the effective members of the community were absent, and that he was utterly incompetent, without their aid, to entertain so numerous a party. He recommended us, however, to repose on the terrace while he prepared something for our breakfast;

which he set about with so much promptitude and good-will, that in the course of a quarter of an hour we had a very plentiful collation: it was conveyed from the convent in a basket, fixed in a net, and let down with a rope and pulley.

The little town of Calabaca is immediately below the cliffs:—we passed through without finding anything to arrest the attention, and pursued our route over a rich and widely-extended plain to Tricala, where we arrived just before night-fall, and were very agreeably lodged in the house of a minister of the Greek religion.

The situation of Tricala is peculiarly happy, but its present condition is very otherwise than flourishing. Some striking irregularity in the political machine seems completely to neutralize the influence of soil and climate. The ruins of an ancient fortress, on an eminence immediately above the town, command an extensive view of a level surface, environed by mountain boundaries. According to Herodotus[1], the whole of Thessaly was originally covered with water, forming a lake shut round by lofty hills. Pelion and Ossa uniting at

[1] Lib. vii.

their bases, inclosed those parts which look towards the east: Olympus bounded it on the north, and Pindus on the west; and Othrys confined the district which lies to the southward. An outlet for the water was afterwards effected by the agency of Neptune, who rent asunder one of its craggy barriers, and thus laid open a passage for its discharge into the Archipelago. This is only saying, in classical language, that a dislocation of the mountains was produced by an earthquake[1]; the readiest, if not the most scientific, mode of explaining the phenomena.

We quitted Tricala the second day, with the intention of reaching Larissa the same evening; but, from some misinformation on the part of our guides, halted at Sarco, a small neat town about two-thirds of the way. A courier, who had just come from thence, recommended us, unless much pressed for time, to delay our passage twelve or fourteen hours, as the waters of the Peneus were not sufficiently subsided to allow the transit of our baggage. The following day, at ten, we resumed our progress, and in the course of four hours arrived at this

[1] Ποσιδάων ἐνοσίχθων.—Il. xx. 63.

place. The ride is extremely pleasant throughout, but in the immediate vicinage of the town the view rises in interest. An extensive and fertile plain appears encircled by an amphitheatre of mountains, over the loftiest of which Olympus rises to the north-east, and terminates the horizon. Several venerable-looking personages, some of whom might have sat for the picture of Peleus himself, met us at our entrance. We had much difficulty, notwithstanding, in finding any place of entertainment either for man or horse. After several fruitless applications in other quarters, I demanded an interview with the Governor: it was some time before I could achieve this honour, but succeeded at length in obtaining an order, which has put us in possession of very pleasant apartments. The principal room overlooks a spacious valley watered by the Peneus, and agreeably diversified with woodland scenery. A large chart, which ornaments one of the compartments of the chamber, gives a representation of the province, from the fanciful distributions of classical authority. The territory of LARISSÆUS ACHILLES is, of course, traced with scrupulous exactness; and the fertile district, which is designated as the personal possession of that chieftain, far exceeds,

both in extent and richness, anything which the bounty of nations has bestowed upon modern conquerors!

To the traveller who should explore these regions with anything of classic enthusiasm—and those who are without such excitement will find their time here ill-bestowed—the province, of which Larissa is the capital, would present attractions scarcely to be surpassed in any quarter of Greece. The young student will here feel himself on ground that partakes of enchantment. Every step he treads—every object he surveys—and, in a certain sense, every sound he hears,—will remind him of those delightful hours, when he first read of the glowing scenes which he now contemplates: for, notwithstanding the penalties of discipline that follow in their train,—unless when carried to the extent in which Mr. Allworthy's nephew received them from the truculent arm of the great Thwackum[1],—such hours *are* delightful. The spring of human life, like the revolution of the seasons, may be succeeded by maturer pleasures, but they are necessarily of a graver and more sombre hue[2]!

[1] *Hist. of a Foundling*, Book iii. chap. 2—8.

[2] It was the fortune of the writer to be educated in a public

The city of Larissa has an air of great antiquity. The streets are more cool and spacious than those of many other of the Greek towns; but the buildings are in general very ill executed, being constructed of bricks formed of clay, and dried in the sun: they want, therefore, the firmness of cohesion, and have no appearance whatever of strength or durability. The inhabitants are, I believe, at this moment, almost entirely free from the plague, though several shocking objects, covered with sores and ulcers, present themselves in different quarters. The population is variously stated—the highest estimate rates the amount at twenty thousand: this appears to me to be a most extravagant exaggeration of the actual number.

The situation is well chosen for all the purposes of inland commerce; the river which flows at

establishment, the head of which united to the highest attainments of a scholar, the dignified and liberal feelings of an accomplished gentleman.

> Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
> Prima fugit——

Yet memory can in some degree renew their fascinations; and those who have felt the advantage of Dr. V****'s guidance and direction, will dwell on that bright period of their lives with sentiments of cherished gratitude.

the extremity of the town being broad and deep, and easily navigable by small craft. There is not, indeed, much appearance of activity in the quays, nor can I discern a single vessel of any description on the water. Thessaly is incomparably the most productive of any province in the north of Greece. Grain of all kinds (except oats), tobacco, rice, cotton, wool, silk, &c., are annually raised in sufficient quantities to allow of large exportations; and if any of the improved systems of agriculture were adopted, the produce would probably in a short time exceed the present crops, in a threefold proportion.

On our quitting Joannina, Ali Pasha furnished us with an introduction to his son Veli, who has the government of this district. He holds his court at Tirnavo, distant from hence about nine miles; and as we propose riding there to-morrow, I hope in my next to give you some account of our reception. He has the reputation of being humane and affable, addicted to literary pursuits, and well read in many of the modern publications. He served with distinction a few years since, under his father, against the Russians; at present his ambition

appears to have taken a loftier aim;—that of humanizing and protecting the people committed to his government:—

> "To civilize the rude unlettered savage,
> "And make man mild, and sociable to man!"

LETTER X.

Tirnavo, April 29th, 1817.

DEAR E——,

WE left Larissa, conformably to the intentions expressed in my last, and arrived at the palace of the Vizier in little more than two hours. The building, though less extensive than the seraglio of ALI, is more uniform and elegant in its structure, and presents a very handsome and imposing appearance. Where the administration of a rich and populous district resides in a single individual, his levées will of course be very numerously attended. Suitors of various descriptions were waiting in the outer court, and crowding the entrance to the audience-chamber; but the letter of Ali Pasha procured for us an immediate admission. The following is nearly a literal translation :—

" *To the Vizier* VELI PASHA, *this Letter is addressed.*

" My much beloved Son, I kiss your eyes!

" Four English gentlemen (εὐγενεις—μιλόρδοι) " are travelling from hence to Larissa; they are " friends to the Sublime Porte, and attached to " the interests of our family. I intreat you to " receive them courteously, and to supply them " with every requisite for the successful prose- " cution of their tour; for I regard them as my " most esteemed friends.

" I salute you tenderly,

" ——."

The Vizier was reclining, after the manner of the Orientals, at the upper end of a sumptuous apartment; the officers of his household, and others his ministers and attendants, stood at some little distance, forming a circle in front. He received us with a refined and polished cordiality; and expressed, in very emphatic terms, his respect for the English nation. Having inquired what were the immediate objects of our attention, he pressed us warmly to change our residence at Larissa for apartments at this place, and testified a strong

desire to contribute, in any way we might suggest, to the accomplishment of our wishes. He then pronounced a fervid eulogium on the laws and constitution of England, and on the habits and character of the people; inquired to which chamber of parliament my father belonged; and drew a contrast between the state of barbarism so generally prevalent throughout the Grecian peninsula before its reduction by Ali Pasha, and the incipient civilization and security which resulted from the establishment of that chief's authority. He spoke with much gratification of the visits he had received from Mr. North, Lord Sligo, and Lord Byron, for all of whom he expressed a personal regard; and, adverting to the social intercourse which exists in Christian states, *lamented that the restrictions of his own country did not allow him to introduce us to any female society!* On this subject he very pointedly expressed his regret more than once. He certainly appears to entertain far juster sentiments of the *divinity* of the *beau sexe* than what are professed by the generality of his countrymen, who usually consider a pretty woman as a mere passive instrument of pleasure, or,

at best, as a lovely trifler,—to be thrown aside and neglected, like other beautiful objects, as soon as the bright hue which first attracted attention shall have lost its gloss. Veli, on the contrary, seems desirous to procure for the female character a moral estimation; and while he worships with idolatrous devotion at the shrine of beauty, would do homage to the mental graces by which it is illustrated.

In the intervals of conversation the usual refreshments were served, and pipes, seven or eight feet in length, brought ready lighted for our use. After several unsuccessful efforts to manage my unwieldy instrument, the Pasha very good-humouredly desired me to desist from so hopeless an undertaking, and almost immediately ceased using his own. Throughout the whole of our interview he preserved an air of easy dignity; his manners were natural, unaffected, and graceful.

Having directed our attention to an additional range of buildings, which he was constructing in the Italian style of architecture, he conducted us through several brilliantly-furnished apartments, in some of which the decorations were

much the same as those in the saloons at Paris. The view from these wants only the embellishment of forest scenery, it comprises many of the noblest features of landscape, and is sufficiently extensive to include the opening of the vale of Tempe. The Town of Tirnavo is but a few furlongs distant from the palace: it is agreeably situated on the north of the river, which flows through a well-cultivated plain encircled by an amphitheatre of mountains, among which Ossa, Pelion, and Olympus, are conspicuous elevations.

LETTER XI.

Tirnavo, May 1st, 1818.

On the second morning after our arrival, Veli Pasha ordered one of his carriages, a light barouche and four, to take us to the defile of Tempe. This romantic spot is associated with our earliest classical recollections: we hear of it in our very rudiments; and subsequently grow familiar with its beauties, from the rapturous descriptions both of poets and historians.

We set out soon after ten o'clock, attended by a Janissary of the Pasha and our own servants. The route, for several miles, is over a fine sheep-fed turf; and our rate could not have been much less than nine miles an hour. The coachman, who was a Nubian, managed the reins with great adroitness; the postilion was a young Greek, light, active, and well formed for his employment. About half way, we crossed the river in a ferry; the water was

deep and rather turbid, but the current not very strong. From this point the road is less easily practicable, but our charioteers were not to be deterred by any common obstacle. We proceeded, therefore, with undiminished rapidity, and in a short time reached the habitations of those modern proprietors—

> Οἳ περὶ Πηνειὸν καὶ Πήλιον ἰνοσίφυλλον
> Ναίεσκον· Il. ii. 757.

> Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with shady boughs,
> Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows:
> Or where thro' flowery Tempe Peneus stray'd,
> The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade.—POPE.

The approach from the west is very striking: several Turkish villages are scattered on each side, to all of which the cypress-tree and minaret give a dressed and ornamental appearance. A venerable grove of oaks, hornbeams, and plane-trees, marks the immediate entrance; and the town of Amphilochia hangs on an acclivity to the right. We left our equipage at a small inn near this spot, and proceeded on horseback to traverse the passes of the defile. Its breadth, indeed, is not exactly answerable to our ideas of a *valley*; but the lofty

projections which rise almost perpendicularly from the banks of the Peneus,—the ever-varying shadows thrown over the different tints on the surface of the rocks,—the shrubs which clothe the sides of the mountain, broken occasionally by small glades, where herds of goats are depasturing,—the sweetness of the air, perfumed by a thousand different flowers, and at this season enlivened by the melody of the nightingale,—all conspire to produce that magic charm, which can at once enchant the senses, gratify the imagination, and delight the expectation[1]!

[1] Homer gives to the Peneus the epithet ἀργυροδίνη—(Il. ii. v. 753)—and in enumerating the rivers of Thessaly, Pliny has ascribed one property to this celebrated stream, which every spectator would wish it to possess, but which its actual appearance does not at all *times* justify. Later in the year, it may probably be as transparent as the lakes in Cumberland; at the present season, in consequence perhaps of the violent rains, its surface is dark and troubled.—The expressions of Pliny are these:—"Flumina Thessaliæ: Apidanus, Phœnix, Enipeus, Onochonus, Pamisus—Fons Messeis: Lacus Bœbeis.—Et ante cunctos *claritate* Peneus, ortus juxta Gomphos; interque Ossam et Olympum, nemorosâ convalle defluens quingentis stadiis, dimidio ejus spatio navigabilis. In eo cursu Tempe vocantur quinque mill. pass. longitudine, et ferme sesquijugeri latitudine, ultra visum hominis attollentibus se dextra lævaque leniter convexis jugis. Intus sua luce viridante (*renidente*) allabitur Pe-

The extent does not, I should think, exceed five miles, and the greatest breadth is scarcely three hundred yards. In some parts the river occupies the entire space between the cliffs. The road through the interior of the pass is carried along the edge of the mountain: it is seldom sufficiently wide to admit three horses abreast. About midway there are the ruins of an ancient building, probably some military post, but there is not enough of the original structure to trace with accuracy either its form or limits. At the eastern extremity of the

neus, viridis calculo, amœnus circa ripas gramine, canorus avium concentu. Accipit amnem Orcon, nec recipit, sed olei modo supernatantem (ut dictum est ab Homero*) brevi spatio portatum abdicat: pœnales aquas, dirisque genitas, argenteis suis misceri recusans."—(*Nat. Hist.* lib. iv. 8.)

Here are many of the ingredients of sentimental situation! So sequestered a region might be well adapted to the gallantries of Jupiter, or become the appropriate scene of Apollo's pursuit of Daphne; but the tourist will regard it with increased interest, when he connects its history with the triumphs of Pharsalia, and accompanies Pompey in his melancholy retreat through the defile, to the point of his fatal embarkation.

The writer had no opportunity of noticing the peculiarity alluded to by Pliny in the confluence of the two streams;—an appearance of something of the same nature is observable in the waters of the Rhine, a little below the lake of Geneva.

* Il. β. 753.

ravine, there are a few peasants' huts; and some public works are constructing, to serve either as a custom-house, or receptacle for imported goods. The sea is within a short distance from this point, but, from the flatness of the intervening ground, not easily distinguishable.

We returned to the khann soon after five, where, to the utter consternation of the Janissary, no preparation whatever had been made for our reception. He remonstrated, however, with such effect, that the host set about in good earnest to repair his negligence. Two or three fowls were caught and slaughtered without delay, and a young kid, which was browsing on the hill above the village, seized and carried off for the same purpose. Do not accuse me of mawkish affectation, if I confess to you that the recollection of its playful gambols, as it bounded at my feet, and the bleating cries it uttered when borne away on the shoulders of the goatherd, took away all inclination on my part for the repast. However, if I had no disposition to eat myself, I shortly after assisted at a banquet, where I was in great danger of being eaten. "We fat all creatures else to fat us, and

we fat ourselves for maggots." I had scarcely laid down on the mat, which was spread for us to sleep on, when "a certain convocation of politic" fleas commenced their attacks, and persisted during the night with such unmitigated violence, that I could scarcely have suffered a greater degree of exhaustion,—even by a visitation from Sangrado himself.

On our return the next day to this place, we called at the seraglio, to express our acknowledgments for the repeated civilities shewn us by the Vizier. A writer, who well knew the world, has remarked, that we get forward not so much by doing services as by receiving them—"You take a withering twig and put it in the ground; and then you water it because you have planted it." The Pasha seemed to be influenced by a similar sentiment; and as he had taken us under his immediate protection during our residence near the seat of his government, he was desirous of procuring for us the same attentive reception wherever his authority extended. With this view he has addressed letters to the Beys and other magistrates of the different towns between this place and Thebes. They all import, that the bearers are young Englishmen of

birth and fortune; friends to the government of Constantinople, and to the House of Ali Pasha: the respective parties are required, therefore, to assist them in every mode that may be considered essential to their security, and to facilitate their progress through the country.'

VELI PASHA is, I believe, the only Turk who has proved himself not insensible to the value of those relics of art in which Greece is still so rich. He once made an excursion to Athens, for the express purpose of inspecting the treasures of the Acropolis, and the ruins of the ancient city. On that occasion he conducted himself so as to make a very favourable impression on the Greek population; exacting no unnecessary ceremonial, but desiring to be considered as a private gentleman travelling for his amusement. He has since shewn some taste for antiquarian pursuits, and evinces an anxiety to protect and encourage the arts. While we were with him the second time, he ordered a bas-relief figure in white marble, which had been discovered about eight months since, to be brought under the windows of the palace: the slab was so weighty as to require eight or ten men to move it;

they all acquitted themselves with great address, and seemed extremely gratified by such an exhibition of their prince's *vertù!* The subject of the sculpture had not been ascertained: the principal figure is a female caressing a child; the infant's head has been a good deal damaged, but in other respects the image seems in tolerable preservation. The attitude of each, and the drapery of the parent, are very finely executed. The production of this relic led to a conversation on the repository of ancient marbles at London; and I explained, as well as I was able, the institution of the British Museum. He listened very attentively to the detail, and appeared to feel a warm interest in the preservation of the different objects.

Our remarks on this subject were, however, frequently interrupted. The Vizier was much occupied by official business. Among the various groups, who at different intervals entered the apartment, two supplicants made their appearance, to entreat a remission of their debt to the state. He listened to their narrative, which appeared to be extremely circumstantial, with great good-humour, and mitigated the payment to one-half.

Some of the individuals who approached the Pasha seemed profoundly versed in Oriental prostrations. Of these the most respectful bent to the ground, and pressed their breasts and foreheads. After repeating this ceremony three or four times, they advanced, like Agag, and kneeling before the Vizier's seat, kissed his feet and the border of his robe.

Before we took leave of our munificent host, he planned out our route across the plains of Pharsalia, to Saltagee and Zeitoun; from thence by Thermopylæ to Salona, and so through Delphi to Thebes and Athens.

LETTER XII.

Larissa, April, 1817.

We returned here yesterday, and are making preparations for continuing our journey to-morrow. As I expect to see the courier who is going from hence to Joannina, I shall send this by him, in the hope of its reaching Corfu in sufficient time to be included in the packet from thence. I have, however, nothing to add to the account I wrote a few days since from hence, unless I detail the observations of a Greek physician, to whom we were introduced soon after our arrival. This gentleman had travelled through several of the continental states, and, although not much impressed with any profound respect for the laws and customs of those countries, had evidently acquired a very strong distaste for the institutions of his own. He instanced some cases of flagrant abuse on the part of the subordinate agents of government, whose ve-

nality subjected the indigent to the most oppressive tyranny from the wealthy; and censured the application of the sentiment—

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω·—

since the grinding weight of a single despot might be as extensively felt as the separate acts of many minor tyrants. On religious points he was rather more reserved, but it was clear that his faith sat on him very loosely. The creed of the Greek church differs chiefly from the Romish tenets in their interpretation of the mysterious production of the Holy Spirit: the Greeks contending that it proceeded only from the Father, while the Romanists assert, that both Father and Son were instrumental in its existence. There was a tone of caustic sarcasm in his comments on this subject, which you would not thank me for repeating, and which it would be much better that I should forget.

But, if he descanted with severity on the peculiar ceremonies of his own communion, he adopted an ultra tone of liberality in describing the purity and simplicity which distinguish the ritual of the Reformed Church. Connected with such subject, he mentioned an occurrence, which he witnessed during

the last year when in the south of France.—The incident appeared to make a strong impression on him, and the earnestness with which he dwelt on particular parts, gave it a degree of interest which I am aware must disappear in the coldness of a written statement. The detail, indeed, I much fear you will scarcely think merits repetition; I offer it, however, as being in some degree illustrative of the effect which the solemnities of religion may, under certain circumstances, produce on a mind avowedly sceptical.

Next to the chambers of legislature and the halls of justice, he considered the temples of religion—(pray notice the order of precedency)—to be the most attractive to the curiosity of a foreigner desirous to acquire correct ideas of the habits and manners of a people. In large towns he generally found, he said, much order and monotonous decorum;—but his usual habits of thinking led him to imagine such appearances to be rather assumed than natural; and he therefore chose to draw his conclusions from some rural performance. "Chance," he continued, "or accident, gave me an opportunity. In a remote province, during a fine autumnal

season, I passed through a village just before the commencement of the evening service. Observing an unusual throng near a building consecrated to the protestant ritual, I inquired into the cause, and was given to understand that an orator of some celebrity was expected to discharge the duty. 'It is but seldom, sir,' said my informant,—'ce n'est que rarement, qu'il nous entretient de ses talens extraordinaires; mais chaque fois qu'il paroît sur la scène, nous nous attendons à une représentation magnifique!'—My curiosity being greatly excited by this description,—whether to be taken sarcastically, or à la lettre,—I determined on joining the crowd; but inquired, first, of my communicative friend, if this star of divinity was exact to his time? 'To a moment, sir,' said he; 'whatever other faults he may have, want of punctuality is not to be numbered with them.' He had scarcely spoken, when I observed in the distance an open calèche, drawn by two high-bred coursers, advancing towards us with great rapidity, and which in a few minutes reached the entrance of the church—a fine Gothic pile, of pure and finished architecture.

"The divine sprang from the car with the

elastic buoyancy of youth, and entered the sacred edifice, encircled by a throng of spectators, whose salutations he either did not see, or did not deem it necessary to acknowledge. He repaired immediately to the sacristy, and shortly afterwards appeared in full sacerdotals; which, indeed, consisted merely of a scarf, and something resembling a cowl, thrown over a long white robe, which flowed round the entire figure. In this garb he gracefully advanced tc a sort of raised platform, near the eastern angle of the temple; a solemn strain from the organ accompanying his slow and measured movements. The orator's appearance was, in some respects, calculated to attract observation: his complexion was very fair and clear, and his stature slight and of elegant proportions; which possibly gave him a more youthful look than the register would confirm. A physiognomist, perhaps, might have said, that the air of profound abstraction, which during the initiatory anthem he had thrown over his features, was unreal. Something of a dissatisfied feeling might, I think, be discerned, in spite of every effort to subdue it. When the music ceased, the audience rose and turned towards him;—his

eyes glanced on them for a moment with an expression of indescribable anxiety,—but he immediately proceeded with the service.

"Though unable to follow the whole of the reasoning in this initiatory address, its general purport was sufficiently intelligible:—it seemed a solemn exhortation to the assembly to bow down before the throne of the Most High, in humble contrition for past offences, and in supplication for future protection and mercy. The divine commenced his admonition in a faint and low tone, but his air and manner were singularly impressive. As he proceeded, his voice acquired greater force, and in particular passages was full and powerful; in others, its sound became awful and tremulous: but its varied intonations seemed so to intrance the attention of all present, that had a leaf fallen it might have been distinctly heard. The nature of the performance exacts, as I understood, that some portion of the sacred writings should be recited; the passage selected on that day was the chapter which describes the affecting interview between King David and the venerable Barzillaï, who had gone down to meet the restored monarch, and to conduct

him over Jordan. When the orator came to that pathetic period, which describes the feebleness of protracted age, and the extinction of almost all those powers which gladden existence,—at that mournful season when the "voice of singing-men and of singing-women" can no more be heard!—every eye seemed bent in respectful sympathy towards a quarter of the temple, where reclined an individual who seemed almost to realize the portrait of the sacred historian. Some uncontrollable feeling for a moment overpowered the reader—his voice faltered—his colour changed—but he struggled violently to conceal his emotion. As the narrative advanced, and rehearsed how the gallant veteran had made a powerful effort to discard the feebleness of declining years, that he might welcome his sovereign's restoration to his throne, and then turn back to die in his own city, and be buried by the grave of his father and his mother—when, finally, the king kissed Barzillaï, and blessed him, and he returned unto his own place,—the feelings of all present sufficiently attested, that if they did not always obey the better impulse of the heart's movements, they yet knew how to appreciate their force.

"But it was the *discours*, and the attendant circumstances, which chiefly interested the feelings of the auditory. The historical narrative was succeeded by a series of prayers, at the close of which the organ played a solemn air, as prelusive to the chaunting of some hymns, in which the whole assembly joined. During this interval the Dessérvant quitted his station, and retired to the sacristy, from whence, at the close of the singing, he re-appeared, wrapped in a mourning veil, which fell from his throat down to the soles of his feet. His countenance had assumed a death-like paleness; his looks were almost of an unearthly hue; hopeless dejection and profound sorrow appeared to mark him for their own; and some of the females seemed involuntarily to shrink back, as he passed near their seats in his hurried transit to the tribune.

"The subject of his oration was the lament of the youthful David for his friend and associate in arms, the son of Saul. He painted in glowing terms the strength of their early attachment, fostered as it had been in that happy age, when nature wears no mask; when the heart knows no selfish feeling, but flies forth with romantic confidence,

and with the forwardness of every warm and generous affection, towards all human kind. The friend of the young Prince of Israel could not but feel assured that, when HE ceased to live, the cause of public honour and of private virtue lost their highest glory; that public liberty was deprived of its most undaunted champion, and general humanity bereaved of its most active and ardent assertor. Fond recollection suggested, that in him was united the kindest disposition, with the most firm and resolute spirit; and that the bravest heart and most enlarged mind sat enthroned on the bosom of gentleness!"

If I proceed to trace, with minuteness, the particular features of the picture exhibited by the Greek, you may possibly suspect that "a little fancy has been concerned in the composition."—This, however, I disclaim;—but not having the advantage of a short-hand writer to correct the inaccuracies of a report from memory, I desist attempting to give in detail those passages which appeared to have made so strong an impression on my sceptical acquaintance, and which he himself recited in terms so brilliant and so glowing. "The effect of

the assembly was," he said, "deep and powerful; many of the softer sex were heard to weep loud and bitterly; and the poor old gentleman, who caught his attention at an early part of the ceremony, was for awhile totally overcome. He seemed to recover new spirit as the orator, towards the close of his declamation, pointed to the joys which await the faithful in the realms of beatitude; joys,—which virtue would irradiate with an immortal bloom, and over which piety would shed an undying fragrance. These were considerations, he urged, to induce his hearers to *discipline* their affections; to detach them from the perishable allurements of earth, and bind them to the contemplation of the unfading glories of heaven!"——

"When the service ended, expressions of respect and attachment were showered on all sides from the delighted auditory; and as the orator retreated, many of the females seized his hand, and, as the custom is, gently pressed it to their lips. He slowly resumed his place in the car, from which he had sprung so lightly; and the horses, as if sensible of their master's altered sensations, assumed a solemn pace; they, however, gradually recovered

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their rapid movements, and in a few minutes the equipage disappeared in the distant perspective.

"I afterwards learned that the old gentleman had lost a grandson in battle, who was the intimate companion of the orator, and who had, the year previously, served with him. He breathed his last sigh in the arms of his friend, who was so affected by the circumstance, that he shortly after abandoned the sword, and sought for refuge and consolation in the bosom of the church."——

The preceding statement, though much abbreviated, is given, in other respects, almost *mot-à-mot*, as it fell from the narrator. You will perhaps think that the AXE should have been resorted to, rather than the *pruning-knife*:—without attempting to dispute such sentiment, I would merely offer in apology the admission, from an assumed sceptic, of the effect produced by an impassioned address and fervency of manner, on a mixed and thronged assembly. My new acquaintance, indeed, seemed as anxious as I imagine you to be, to introduce a different subject—and, adverting to other topics, mentioned the plague, which is of such frequent occurrence, and commits such dreadful ravages in the

towns and villages of Greece. He confessed that he knew of no scientific treatment applicable in such cases; the pestilence was generally left to exhaust itself. One of the party suggested, that a little more attention to personal cleanliness, and an order from the ruling authorities, that every occupier of a house should be compelled, under heavy penalties, to sweep the street in front of his dwelling, while public scavengers were employed to remove the putrid heaps, might contribute to mitigate the violence of the disorder. He answered, that the government paid no attention to considerations of this kind, and remarked, that a moral force, equal in effect to some convulsion of nature, is absolutely necessary to root out inveterate habits. Through every part of the Ottoman empire there is a dominion of those fatal prejudices, which make ignorance and error descend as a sacred inheritance. The Turkish customs enact, that when any individual dies of the plague, *all* his relations should attend his sepulture; by a necessary consequence the infection becomes extended, and the avenues to the tomb crowded with fresh victims.

LETTER XIII.

Zeittoun, May 1st, 1818.

We left Larissa on the 29th ult., and reached *Saltagee* about mid-day. It is a small town, ill-built, and thinly inhabited; situated on a gentle rise, which forms the basis of a chain of hills that inclose the vale of Pharsalia. These celebrated plains have an apparent extent of more than twenty miles, but the breadth between the mountain-barriers I should judge not to exceed five or six. The expanse of a flat surface is extremely deceptive, and we had not much leisure for a tranquil survey, as a most violent storm poured down the whole time we were passing: under other circumstances, it would have been a very interesting occupation to have attempted to identify the position of the two armies, and to trace them through all their animated movements, from the first impetuous onset of Cæsar's troops and the terrible pause which ensued when they halted mid-way, to the moment when Pompey, pursued to his entrenchments, quitted his

armour, and fled on horseback to Larissa[1]. History has recorded few events more affecting than the fallen fortunes of this chieftain: "Cujus adolescentia, ad scientiam rei militaris, non alienis præceptis, sed suis imperiis; non offensionibus belli, sed victoriis; non stipendiis, sed triumphis est erudita[2]."

The manners of the natives of Saltagee partake of the repulsive properties of their town.—Our Greek servant could make nothing of them. "*Sono bestie, Signori!*" he exclaimed, in a tone of petulant sarcasm; "*non sanno niente, non parlano Greco!!*" We were subsequently most vilely lodged, in consequence of the unapprehending obstinacy of the prelate, to whom the Tartar, by my direction, addressed himself for instructions. We happened, indeed, to fall on a most inauspicious moment for paying our respects to this very orthodox hierophant, as he was devoutly engaged, at that particular crisis, in worshipping at the shrine of—

[1] Plutarch details the incidents of the day with great minuteness.—See also Cæsar's *Commentaries*, lib. iii. cap. 85. et seq.

[2] Cic. orat. pro leg. Manil.;—but the eloquent panegyrist of Pompey has left a still loftier eulogium on his all-accomplished rival.—Vide *Orat. pro Marcell.*

Mammon!—and he kept me standing a most tedious time,—while he counted over and arranged the aliquot parts of several heaps of coin, before he would allow either of us to explain the motives of our calling at his residence. He attempted the next morning to atone for his incivility by entering our apartment with a host of myrmidons, long before we had left our beds. After he had protracted his visit to an unusual duration, one of the party, finding every other topic of remark exhausted, mentioned our intention of passing over the *Troad;* upon hearing this he suddenly rose, and pointing to Mount Olympus, which closed the perspective from our window, exclaimed, with the air of a person who fancies he has hit upon a brilliant idea—

Τμῖν μὲν θεοί δοῖεν, Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες,
Ἐκπέρσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν, εὖ δ' οἴκαδ' ἱκέσθαι.

Il. i. 19[1].

He then withdrew in the same ceremonious state with

[1] The melody of these lines is quite lost in the barbarism of modern pronunciation. The bishop recited them as follows:—

Emin men thēē-ēē thēēn, Olympea thomat ĕkŏntĕs,
Ekpersai Prĭămŏiŏ polin, eĭ th' ikad ĭkĕsthăi.

The whole of the Iliad has been, as it were, *recast* in a Romaic mould. A young Cypriot, of considerable rank and

which he came, and left us to pursue our journey. Proceeding through fertile plains we arrived towards evening at the foot of a mountain, from the heights of which there is a most romantic view of the vale of Ellada. Zeittoun is pleasantly situated on the descent of the opposite side. CALILBEI, the son-in-law of Veli Pasha, has received us with great courtesy; his health appears extremely delicate, but he has pressed us with so much civility to remain here another day, that we found it impossible to resist his invitation. In the mean time he has given proper directions for a relay of horses, and has ordered an escort of Albanians to conduct us through the dangerous passes of the mountains.

influence in his native island, whom we sailed with from Constantinople to Paphos, and who had one of the modern Homers in his possession, used, with great *naïveté* and good humour, to rehearse to us occasionally some of the loftiest passages in the original, translated—or rather travestied—into the existing language. The tedium of the voyage lost much of its languor in the society and conversation of this gentleman, whose manners were engaging and highly-polished, though slightly tinctured with an habitual melancholy. When I addressed myself to take leave of him, he borrowed my pencil, and wrote in one of the leaves of the Vicomte De Chateaubriand's Tour, which I happened at the moment to have in my hand, the following expressions:—

Χαιρομαι, αυθεντης, οτου ειλάξον την τιμήν σας γνώρισας.

May 3rd.

We left Zeittoun this morning at seven, and reached the bridge which crosses the Sperchius, or Ellada, between nine and ten. Dismissing the heavy baggage, which was sent forward with one of our servants and an Albanian guard, we proceeded to the Strait of Thermopylæ, distant about two miles in a southerly direction. Our guides were the same who had accompanied Lord Byron, and consequently well-informed as to the identity of the spot. It was, however, some time before we were convinced of their accuracy, having, for some reason, adopted the notion, that the pass where Leonidas checked the advance of the Persians was a cleft in the ridge of mountains which separate Phocis from Thessaly. It is in reality a strait, and now not a very narrow one, shut in on the south by a range of cliffs between five and six hundred feet in height, and on the north by a deep morass, stretch-

ing to an arm of the sea. Livy[1] states the breadth to have been in his time only sixty paces; the length is about five miles. Between the morass and the cliffs there are still some fragments of a wall, which had formerly gates to it, and which was constructed by the Phocians to repress the inroads of their neighbours: from these gates, and some hot-baths which were near the entrance of the pass, the Strait of course derived its name.

The Persian invasion took place four hundred and eighty years before the birth of Christ, and the constant accumulation of soil formed by successive deposits from the hot-springs has, since that period, considerably enlarged the space where the army of Xerxes was held in check. The narrow interval which then existed, by presenting so contracted a stage for the combatants, reduced the parties actually engaged to something of an equality. The situation of the ground alone, therefore, does not, I think, necessarily require any great deduction from the historian's[2] account of the invading army—

[1] Lib. xxxvi. cap. 20.

[2] According to Herodotus, the land-forces consisted of seventeen hundred thousand foot, and eighty thousand horse;

though it must be confessed there are some particulars in the detail of this mighty armament, which require no small degree of historical faith on the part of the reader;—if they do not actually excite that incredulous hatred so emphatically mentioned by Horace. The Amphictyonic Council was held on the eminence of Anthela, in a temple dedicated to Ceres: it is now extremely difficult to ascertain its form or limits; but some agent, far more rapid in its operations than time, must have occasioned so complete a destruction. Strabo, who flourished in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius, has asserted, indeed, that the council was then no longer in existence; Pausanias, however, who lived many years

besides Arabians mounted on camels, and Libyans in chariots, whose united force he conjectures might amount to twenty thousand more. The number of followers of every denomination he estimates at *five millions and a half.* In this calculation, however, no account is taken of the women, the eunuchs, draught-horses, and other beasts of burthen; or the Indian dogs that accompanied the troops:—these were so many as to defy any attempt to ascertain the amount. "Therefore," adds the historian, "I am not astonished if the streams of some rivers were found insufficient for so vast a multitude. But, of all this mighty host, no man, either for stature or beauty, seemed more entitled to pre-eminence of command than Xerxes himself!"

subsequently, states, that in his time it was in full force.

The hot-springs issue from the base of the cliffs in several places, leaving a thick incrustation on the surface, and emitting a strong sulphureous odour. The heat I should conceive to be considerably more than one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer—the warmth, at least, was such as to make it painful to keep the hand immersed above a minute. I was induced to taste the water, from an idea that it might partake of the same qualities with the mineral springs at Bath. Perhaps I may have swallowed as much as would fill a small wine-glass: the effect was such as, in the course of an hour, to produce an extreme lassitude, attended with such acute pains in my back and extremities, as disabled me from sitting on horseback; it was, in fact, with the utmost difficulty that I could bend my limbs in order to dismount.

For some time I was obliged to lie down by the way-side, till, by slow and toilsome efforts, I became capable of proceeding, so as to arrive late in the evening at *Leftero Chori*. The passage is continued during several miles over the mountains

which rise successively above Thermopylæ. Nothing can exceed the picturesque beauty of the scenery from this eminence, the contemplation of which suspended for a few moments even the sense of suffering. Our lodging was, however, most wretched. Two lambs, taken from the flock near the hovel, were slaughtered and roasted whole before our door. Of these I could not partake; but, on going to bed, one of my friends prepared for me a draught composed of hot water, rum, and honey, which soon produced a violent perspiration, followed by a deep sleep: this so completely restored me, that I was enabled the next day to proceed with very little inconvenience. The morning was most brilliant, and we quitted our hut at eight o'clock, in the hope of reaching Salona before sunset. The route lies through the defiles of Mount Œta, which possesses every feature of wild and romantic grandeur. It was on the summit of this mountain that Hercules reared the fatal altar, on which he was himself the victim.

We halted at a khann during the heat of the day, resting nearly two hours under the shade of some lofty trees, near a clear and rapid torrent.

The inn was extremely spacious, but utterly destitute of all the accommodations of civilized life; the proprietor, however, proved himself as great a proficient in the arts of extortion, as if he had served an apprenticeship to the most costly tavern in France or Italy. The peasantry in the vicinage appear frugal and willing to labour: small patches in the steepest acclivities, where the soil is at all practicable, are cultivated and sown with wheat: this marks, at least, the industrious disposition of the inhabitants, which wants only a better direction to be more extensively productive.

We arrived at Salona at eight in the evening. The descent from the mountain is extremely interesting, and of a different character from the passes we have hitherto traversed. Some of the cliffs present a surface, where the strata are so regularly placed, as to give it an appearance of the neatest and most elaborate masonry. About mid-way we overtook a numerous retinue, conducting the inmates of a Turkish haram. The ladies, who *bestrode* their palfries, were completely concealed by a thick linen covering, which wrapped round the whole person, presenting altogether an

appearance the most awkward and unbecoming. Few situations exhibit the elegancies of the female figure to more advantage, than that in which the costume of an English riding-habit is assumed. The necessary attitude of the wearer gives to the mantle, as it flows in rich folds below the feet, the ease and lightness of the most graceful drapery; but the end and aim of Turkish policy seem to have for their chief object, to shroud under some revolting disguise all those beautiful proportions which nature has so bountifully lavished on the last and fairest of the creation[1]. As the detachment wound down the defiles, one of the attendants discharged a pistol, the reverberation of which seemed multiplied *ad infinitum*. Shortly afterwards, the gulf of Lepanto became visible from a sudden turn, and appeared like a vast sheet of polished silver: we soon, however, lost this brilliant mirror, and at the foot of the mountain entered some vineyards, the first we had yet seen in Greece. From hence the town is only an hour distant, the entrance to which is through a very handsome grove of olives.

1 *Letters from Palestine*, by T. R. JOLLIFFE.—Letter xiv.

Our reception at Salona was such as to counterbalance the inconveniences of the preceding night. We quitted it about noon the next day; and passing through Crissa, arrived at Castri, the ancient DELPHI, a little before five o'clock.

LETTER XIV.

Delphi.

THIS city was imagined by the ancients to be placed in the centre of the globe; and, according to the poets, whose testimony on such subjects is peculiarly appropriate, the fact was established by the flight of two eagles, which were dispatched by Jupiter in opposite directions, and arrived at the same instant of time at this point. Strabo, indeed, is satisfied by claiming for its scite the middle of Greece; but his arguments have been combated by various authors, and among the rest by Varro. Not to weary you with the repetition of any additional fantasy or conjecture, I shall only remark, that if the founders of the oracular institution were desirous to select a spot, whose wild and desolate seclusion would deter such an influx of sceptical visitors as might endanger the mechanism

of the imposture, they could not have chosen a happier situation[1].

The modern town is a poor collection of huts. We were received, however, with some degree of hospitality, in the dwelling of the most considerable proprietor. Having deposited our baggage, and made such arrangements as were necessary for our security, we set out in search of the celebrated Castalian stream, the efficacy of whose waters one poet has reflected to another, ever since the first dawn of inspiration. The noble and very distinguished author, who is universally allowed to have felt their influence in a pre-eminent degree, and who visited this country a very few years since, has expressed his homage to the genius of the place in the following tributary stanzas :—

[1] Longinus, in alluding to the extravagancies of the priestess, ascribes her ecstacy to the influence of certain *evaporations which exhaled from a chasm in the earth,* and on a sudden impregnated her with celestial inspiration.

This chasm, if it really existed,—for Longinus speaks doubtfully,—ἐνθα ῥῆγμά ἐστι γῆς ὃ ἀναπνεῖν ΦΑΣΙΝ ἀτμὸν ἐνθεον *—was probably connected with some subterranean contrivance, and thus easily subservient to the mysterious machinery.

* Sect. xiii.

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye;
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy votaries passing by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one muse will wave her wing.

Oft have I dream'd of thee! whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
That I, in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore,
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy,
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confin'd their lot,
Shall I unmov'd behold the hallow'd scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave;
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

Childe Harolde, Canto I. Stanzas lx. lxi. lxii.

This fine passage possesses many of the highest properties of poetry,—not excluding those of fiction.

Whoever surveys these hallowed precincts,—unless he looks at them with the eye of *memory* and imagination,—will probably experience much the same sensation which the visitant of Dover feels, when he compares the actual appearance of Shakspeare's Cliff with the terrific description of it, which the great poet has given in the person of Edgar.

The "melodious wave," stripped of its fanciful embellishments, is a small spring, issuing from the chasm which rends the mountain from its base to the summit. The water is extremely clear, and has a fresh and agreeable flavour; and I should think of a pleasant temperature for bathing. It was in fact originally applied to such purpose; for, a few paces to the right, there are the remains of a reservoir, which antiquarians assert to be the basin in which the Pythia performed the ceremony of ablution previously to entering on her mystic rites. The dimensions of this bath are between twenty-eight and thirty feet in length, and twenty and twenty-four in breadth. It is excavated from the rock, which is a coarse marble; four or five steps only conduct to the bottom, so that the depth is scarcely a yard. Just over it there are several

small niches; but whether of a date coeval with the oracle, or subsequently hewn out as receptacles for votive offerings to a small shrine dedicated to St. John, has not, I think, been satisfactorily ascertained. The altar, consecrated to the Evangelist, is placed in a low shed, at the right of the bath; it is formed by the broken shaft of a fluted pillar, with a slab placed across it.

The fissure in the cliff is too precipitous to admit of the mountain being scaled in that direction; but there are small indentures made in the rock to a certain height, by the assistance of which we climbed up to a cavity, resembling a large cistern, though at present destitute of water. The two summits are nearly perpendicular to this point: it was from one of these eminences that the Delphians threw down Æsop. The basin, no longer wet with the "dews of Castalie," having been for ages disused, is now almost choked up; the sacred fountain, however, still continues to flow in front, and passing the marginal steps, takes its course for about a quarter of a mile down a deep-worn, narrow channel, till it reaches the Pleistus; and there, united with the river, winds

through the vale which separates Parnassus from Mount Cirphis.

The ancient city of Delphi was probably embellished with many of the graces of architecture; but its retired and difficult position must have precluded it from ever having been of much extent, or from being very numerously inhabited. Yet, even to this point, retired and inaccessible as it appears, a conflux of votaries annually thronged from distant regions to propitiate the presiding Deity: ancient history bears ample testimony to his power and influence. The decisions of the tripod have been able to control the decrees of councils, to arrest the march of armies, and suspend the fall of empires.

According to Plutarch, the spring was the season of consultation; later in the year the god was supposed to transfer his patronage to the altars of the Hyperboreans. The temple is stated to have been four times destroyed and renewed: the original structure was extremely simple, but the increasing affluence of the treasury gave to every succeeding edifice a proportionate increase of splendour. Pausanias, who wrote towards the close of

the second century, speaks of the building which existed in his time; it was erected by order of the Amphictyons, from the plan of a Corinthian architect, and the expense defrayed by the voluntary offerings of the people. Of the astonishing collection of art and riches, which were deposited and arranged in the sanctuary, some idea may be formed from the plunder of Nero, who is related to have taken away not less than five hundred brazen statues, the loss of which was scarcely perceived. The opulence of the shrine attracted, in different ages, the avidity of successive conquerors; but it was reserved for the Emperor Constantine to complete its destruction, by the removal of the prophetic tripods. The decline and total ruin of the town was the natural and necessary consequence.

In our ramble round the village we found a few mutilated and half-effaced inscriptions, containing scarcely any entire word. Massive fragments of walls are discernible in a variety of places; and however difficult to particularize the edifices of which they formed a part, it is impossible not to be struck with the grandeur of their ruins.

A Greek monastery is on the scite of the gymnasium: evident traces of an extensive building still remain, although the exact limits are not easily definable. The stadium, according to Pausanias, adjoined the temple of Apollo, which was situated against the rock, immediately above the town: of this every vestige has perished. The theatre is also so completely destroyed, that its position cannot be ascertained. The hippodrome was near the river.

The Pythian solemnities were originally confined to contests in music and poetry, the prize being awarded to whoever produced the best poem in honour of Apollo; they were subsequently extended, to comprise foot-races, and several of the combats celebrated at Olympia; in which the victor was crowned with a wreath of laurel. Latterly, the horse and chariot races were added; but the nature of the ground must have inevitably rendered these a very subordinate exhibition.

The unfavourable state of the weather prevented our ascending the summit of Parnassus, and any successful attempt to explore the Corycian cave: the atmosphere, which had for some time

been bright and glowing, became on a sudden obscured by a mist, which completely shut out every distant object. The view from the highest point of the mountain comprehends, most probably, the gulf of Corinth, and much of the beautiful scenery on the adjacent coast.

LETTER XV.

Thebes, May 7th.

We left Delphi for Lebadea between eight and nine the day before yesterday, with the declared intention of diverging towards Daulis, so as to pass the junction of the three roads,

"Where the unhappy Theban slew his father[1]!"

By some unaccountable oversight,—or from the total disappearance of every vestige to indicate its situation,—we mistook the route, and were ultimately compelled to abandon the research as fruitless. Yet the directions of Pausanias are extremely explicit: "If," says he, "on quitting Daulis, you take the road for Delphi, and proceed straight forwards, you will pass

[1] ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ. Καὶ τὸν μὲν ὥσπερ γ' ἡ φάτις ξένοι ποτὲ
Λησταὶ φονεύσαντ' ἐν τριπλαῖς ἅμα ξυτοῖς·
(Οἰδιπ. Τυρ. v. 734.)

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ. Καὶ ποῦ 'σθ' ὁ χῶρος οὗτος, οὗ τόδ' ἦν πάθος;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ. Φωκὶς μὲν ἡ γῆ κλήζεται· σχιστὴ δ' ὁδὸς
Ες ταυτὸ Δελφῶν κἀπὸ Δαυλίας ἄγει.
(v. 751)

on your left the temple where the deputies from the different states in Phocis held their assemblies. It is a large edifice, supported in the interior by rows of pillars: between the columns and the walls, on either side, there are steps raised for the accommodation of the members. A little beyond this building, you arrive at a point where the road branches off in *three directions*. It was here that Œdipus became the unconscious instrument of giving death to his own father. The tomb of Laius and his attendant is about the centre; it is a simple structure, composed of stones hewn into a regular form, and placed over each other. Damasistratus is reported to have accidentally discovered the bodies during his government at Platæa, and to have directed their interment in this place."

We endeavoured to repair our disappointment by contemplating the flowery summits of Mount Helicon.

Parnassus is for the most part a savage mass, with scarcely any vegetation to relieve the rugged surface. Helicon is far more dressed, and in some points richly decorated with pines and forest-scenery.

We reached Lebadea at half-past six. The

town has nothing to recommend it but the scite, being happily placed on the acclivity of a hill, and watered by the clear streams which issue from the Hercynian fountain. Just above the river, there are some nominal ruins of a temple; but scarcely anything exists beyond the traces of its position against a steep and precipitous rock. The cave of Trophonius is less questionable—of its locality there are sufficient indications.

Many previous ceremonies were indispensable to whoever was desirous of visiting this cavern: Pausanias, who explored the recesses of the oracle, has detailed the proceedings very minutely. The narrative is extremely curious throughout, but too long for transcription: it may be sufficient to state, that, after the usual fasting, penance, and ablutions, the sacrifice of victims, and the formal inspection of their entrails, the consultants were brought with much solemnity to the two sources of the river. Here they were compelled to drink of the waters of Lethe, to produce an oblivion of care and anxiety; they next took a draught from the fountain of Mnemosyne, to preserve the remembrance of whatever should be exhibited to them on their descent.

All sorts of mummery were practised in the interior of the cave. The party about to enter, being fixed in a recumbent posture, was thrust in with his heels foremost, when he suddenly felt an overwhelming force which hurried him forward with the violence of a torrent. The oracular responses were variously rendered: to some they were delivered in allegorical representations; others received them verbally. When the consultant returned, he was conducted by the priests to the throne of Mnemosyne, where they demanded an account of what he had seen; and after a full revelation on his part, they contrived so to stupify his senses, as to render him fit for any impression they might be desirous of producing[1]. But of all those whom superstition or curiosity induced to visit this subterraneous altar, there is no account of a single individual having received any personal injury, except a private soldier in the army of Demetrius: the priests had detected him in an attempt to *plunder the*

[1] The elaborate contrivances in the interior of the great pyramid at Djizéh, would seem to justify the conjecture, that those stupendous fabrics were also subservient to some state imposture, or oracular fraud.—(See *Letters from Egypt*, by T. R. Jolliffe.)

shrine; he was of course instantly put to death, and his carcass thrown out with every mark of contumely and degradation.

There are cavities for votive offerings on the surface of the rock; and an adytum, now entirely choked up, but which is conjectured formerly to have had communication with the altar. An attempt was made to ascertain this by sending a person, properly secured by a rope from without, to clear the aperture; but he returned after a short time nearly in a state of suffocation. Lord Elgin, who had express permission from the Porte, made several excavations both here and at Cheronæa—with what success I am uninformed; but the Italian who attended us mentioned, with great *naïveté*, as a very portentous occurrence, that the spring, which issued near the entrance of the temple, disappeared on the disclosure of some valuable relic, as if indignant at the ravages committed near its source!

The plague had paid its annual visit before our arrival. The inhabitants are generally squalid and unhealthy, the miserable victims of poverty and despotism. Nothing can be more pitiable than the state of oppression to which the town is subject: its

geographical situation is such as to render it liable to a double contribution; being taxed to the Porte by the Governor of Negropont, and claimed by right of conquest as tributary to Ali Pasha [1].

[1] The authority of Ali was not recognised beyond the limits of Livadia, at the time the writer visited it. Since that period the Pasha has closed his adventurous career, by one of those violent catastrophes which frequently follow in the train of a series of successes. Ambition necessarily "grows by what it feeds on!"—and thus eventually becomes the instrument of its own destruction—

"Glory is like a circle in the water—
"Which never ceases to enlarge itself
"Till, by broad-spreading, it be brought to nought!"—

Ali had long attained an eminence and an extent of dominion, which created a strong jealousy at Constantinople:—his death was therefore decided on:—but the numerical strength of his forces, and his personal talents, enabled him for some time to defy the armies of the Grand Seignior. The following account of his capture and assassination has been communicated by a gentleman holding an official situation in the Ionian Islands:—

"This extraordinary man, after having defended himself in the citadel of Joannina nearly two years against the whole army of Courshid Pasha, was at length obliged to retire into the inner fortress, where he deliberately seated himself amid three hundred barrels of gunpowder, surrounded by his various treasures; firmly resolving to blow himself and all his piles of wealth into the air, the instant Courshid might attempt to disturb him in his singular position.

"The firm character of the man, and the known devoted attachment of the few followers who remained with him, had the

effect of arresting the progress of his enemies; so that Courshid Pasha, who was rushing on to his fate with all the impetuosity of a predestinarian, became suddenly impressed with an idea, that Mahomet had not decreed that he should be blown to atoms; and that the treasures of Ali, instead of being distributed among the fishes in the lake of Yanina, would be much more acceptably received by the Sublime Porte, and the members of the Divan.

"A flag of truce was therefore sent in to the besieged, with information that the Sultan would renew with the Pasha the relations of amity, on condition of his proceeding to Constantinople, and giving up a portion of his treasure.

"The specious manner in which this treacherous negotiation was conducted *(for it was managed by a Greek)* induced Ali to quit his strong-hold, and retire to a small place situated on the lake; leaving in his place, till the ratification of the Sultan's pardon, an Algerine Turk devoted to his cause, of the name of Selim.

"The lion was now in the toils! But still the greatest precaution was necessary; for Selim had been the faithful attendant of Ali for several years, and had always slept at the door of his master's bed-chamber. He was, too, a person of astonishing muscular strength, and had long been the terror even of the ferocious Albanian tribe. It is, indeed, reported of him, that, when in the full possession of youth and vigour, he, on some occasion, strangled a tiger! Such statement, however improbable, is at least an argument of the general sentiment in favour of his firmness and courage. He was now seated on a throne of gunpowder, wielding in his hand a sceptre of fire. Every art was therefore employed to induce Ali to order his favourite's abdication; and, after some days of 'wearisome petition' and importunity, the emissaries of the Porte 'wrung from him his slow consent.' In one of those moments of infatuation, which seem like the decisions of destiny, the poor old Vizier drew from his breast, and delivered to Hassan Pasha, a card, severed

in a singular manner, but which corresponded exactly with a counterpart left in the possession of his faithful adherent. This unfortunate weakness on the part of Ali broke the talisman! Hassan lost no time in securing Selim; then instantly throwing aside the mask, he returned to the victim of his treachery, holding out the *firman* of the Grand Seignior, and saying, 'Prepare to perform your ablutions—offer up your prayers to God and the Prophet, for your Sultan demands your head!'

"The deluded veteran saw, too late, his fatal error; resolving, however, to fall like a soldier, and to sell his life as dearly as possible, he instantly sprang up, and drawing from his girdle a pistol, and fiercely exclaiming, 'Thus dies Ali Pasha!' discharged its contents in Hassan's body. The Turkish guards now rushed in; and, after a desperate conflict, the vanquished chieftain sunk to the earth covered with wounds—crying out, in the faltering accents of death—'Kill Vasili, my wife, that the dogs profane her not!'

"Hic vita exitus fuit"——

"Thus perished Ali Pasha, on the 5th of February, 1822, after reigning in Albania upwards of sixty years. His body was interred, with eastern pomp, by the side of his favourite wife Emine: his head was embalmed, and sent to Constantinople."

His sons, who owed their elevation, in great measure, to the power and genius of their father, did not survive the downfal of his influence—but, by a singular caprice of fortune, one of the grandsons of Veli is said, at the present moment (July, 1826)—since the destruction of the Janissaries—to hold a commission in the Imperial Guards at Constantinople.

LETTER XVI.

Thebes.

We left Livadia, so as to arrive here a little before sunset. The road lies chiefly over the plains; and the expansive prospect, illuminated by the brilliancy of the atmosphere, whose heat was tempered by light northern gales, gave to all present an unusual degree of animation. After riding about five hours, from the summit of a slight elevation we descried the modern city of Thebes. It is somewhere in this direction that we are to look for the remarkable pass, said to have been the scene of the perilous questions of the Sphinx. Death was the penalty of all such as were unable to expound the enigma; and the successful explanation by Œdipus delivered the Thebans from so terrible a calamity. Tradition has, I believe, preserved only one of these famous riddles, and

that has had its full share of celebrity. We should remember, indeed, that it was to Bœotians that the monster addressed himself.

What this city may have been in the days of Epaminondas, with whom, according to Plutarch, its glory rose and fell, cannot, in the slightest degree, be estimated from its present appearance; for, of all the squalid places we have hitherto seen,—and we have seen several,—modern Thebes is pre-eminent in every species of impurity. The authority of Ali Pasha not being recognised here, the rabble took offence at our habits and Frank appearance; we were therefore obliged to content ourselves with a very cursory survey of the few objects which invited examination. The district is administered by an officer of the Grand Seignior; and perhaps it is no unfair criterion of the merits of the two governments, to contrast the habits and manners of the people respectively subject to their power.

Ancient Thebes was surrounded by a wall with seven gates, and defended with towers; these were all standing in the days of Pausanias, who has enumerated their different titles: Homer has also re-

corded the same circumstance, with the names of the persons to whom they owed their foundation :—

Τὴν δὲ μίτ' Ἀντίοπην ἴδον, Ἀσωποῖο θύγατρα,
Ἣ δὴ καὶ Διὸς εὖχετ' ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἰαῦσαι·
Καὶ β' ἔτεκεν δύο παῖδ', Ἀμφίονα τε, Ζῆθόν τε,
Οἳ πρῶτοι Θήβης ἔδος ἔκτισαν ἑπτακύλιον,
Πύργωσάν τ'. ἐπεὶ οὐ μὲν ἀπύργωτόν γ' ἐδύναντο
Ναιέμεν εὐρύχορον Θήβην, κρατερῶ περ ἐόντε.

Odyss. xi. v. 259.

There mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
Who blest th' Almighty Thund'rer in her arms.
Hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name;
Tho' bold in open field, they yet surround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts stood, there tow'rs rose high in air,
And here thro' seven wide portals rush'd the war.

POPE.

A sepulchre not far from the walls is noticed by Pausanias, as an index to identify the field where Cadmus encountered the dragon, from whose teeth a battalion of warriors sprang up, armed at all points! It would be a little extravagant to search for the imaginary relics of a tomb of such remote antiquity. The same author mentions a temple near one of the gates, consecrated to Apollo, adorned with several statues, one of which was the production of Phidias. Of these there are no

longer any traces extant; a few broken columns and mutilated pieces of cornice may be seen in different quarters of the town, where they serve as component parts of modern buildings; and there is a portion of an elegant frieze placed over the door-way of a small chapel; but little else remains of ancient sculpture to merit any particular observation. Indeed, the present appearance of the place is such, from the awkward and unmeaning position of the buildings,—thrust out as they are, in all sorts of ill-conceived and disproportioned forms,—that one might almost fancy Amphion's lyre had abruptly dropt its animating measure; and that the various objects of its inspiration, having been suddenly arrested in their harmonious movements, were lost in that kind of confusion which besets the performers in a country-dance, upon any unexpected or irregular movement of the orchestra.

The river Ismenus is sadly dwindled in its proportions. How seldom does the actual condition of things justify our preconceived notions! Let the traveller who visits these regions, with his fancy heated by a perusal of the lofty legends of antiquity,—his tragic enthusiasm kindled by a recol-

lection of the Phœnissæ,—and his memory dwelling especially on that passage, where the chorus apostrophizes the god of battles, riding in War's chariot to the banks of the Ismenus—

> Ἄρματι καὶ ψαλιοις τιτραβάμοσι μώνυχα πῶλον,
> Ἰσμῆνου τ' ἐπι χεύμασι βαινων——v. 799.

Thus excited, let him hasten to survey that mighty stream,—equivalent in breadth to one of the kennels which flow through the centre of the Fauxbourg de St. Honoré! The fountain of Dirce, indeed, which, as Lord Byron has remarked, "turns a mill," preserves all its original freshness and purity. It is sufficiently copious to turn several mills; and I know no better purpose to which the stream can be applied, except being converted into a public bath for the use of the inhabitants, who, more than any people I have yet seen, stand in need of repeated ablutions. The origin of this fountain I must beg to recall to your recollection. It appears, from undoubted mythology, that a certain king of Thebes, by name Lycus, having from some capricious sentiment divorced his wife Antiope, tranferred his affections to a nymph of the name of Dirce. The repudiated queen soon attracted the attention of Jupiter, who seems on various oc-

casions to have entertained a strong partiality towards the Theban fair. The consequences of an interview with so redoubted a gallant could not long be concealed; but Dirce, suspecting some lurking attachment on the part of Lycus, had her supposed rival seized, and subjected to close confinement. Antiope, however, found means to elude the vigilance of her jailor; and escaping to Mount Cithæron, was delivered of twin children, Zethus and Amphion. As soon as these were of an age to avenge their mother's cause, they besieged Thebes, put Lycus to death, and fastening Dirce to the horns of a wild bull, left her to be dragged wherever the animal's frenzy might impel him. The gods at length took pity on the wretched sufferer, who, "*thawing and resolving into a dew*," was eventually transformed to the fountain which still bears her name[1].

The source is about half a mile above the town, on the road leading to Athens; the spring bubbles from below the surface with great force, and fills rather a large excavation with beautifully clear and sparkling water.

[1] There is a very fine group on this subject, placed in the public walk of the Chiaja at Naples.

LETTER XVII.

Athens, May 9th, 1817.

I REGRET to say, we quitted Thebes without visiting the scene of the battle of Platæa[1]: the distance might have been despatched in a few hours, but we met some unconquerable obstructions on the part of the Aga. This worthy personage ap-

[1] In the environs of Platæa, under Mount Cithæron, there existed in the time of Pausanias the ruins of two considerable towns: one of these was distinguished by a temple dedicated to Apollo, and a well, whose waters imparted the gifts of prophecy. In the road which leads to Eleutheræ, there was a mound shewn for the tomb of Mardonius, but this writer questions its identity. In proceeding to Megara, the traveller passes on his right a fountain, and a little beyond it a rock called ACTÆON, to commemorate the chastisement of the Thessalian sportsman, who from that eminence beheld Diana while bathing.

The utmost research of the antiquarian had failed to identify the forest on Mount Cithæron, where Pentheus concealed himself to view the celebration of the orgies of Bacchus; and he had been equally unsuccessful with respect to the place where Œdipus was exposed.

peared so unaccountably perverse, that we judged it necessary to have a personal interview; and, as the Drogoman entered, one of the party intimated our intention, by a ludicrous version of the phrase in Shakespear:—

Vorrei avere qualche parole con questo dotto Thebano[1]*!*

But after much delay, and a very tedious discussion, we were forced to retire without accomplishing our object. The difficulty, as I afterwards learned, arose in a great measure from some imperfect arrangement in the office of *post-master*, the individual who held that situation having quitted his employment the day before yesterday. The grant is renewed annually; and it was by a peculiar piece of ill-fortune that we happened to arrive during the interregnum. Under these circumstances, we were obliged to wait till the new candidate had received his appointment, and who entered upon its duties by a very rigorous demand of anticipated payment.

We left the town at seven in the morning, pursuing our course for several miles over an extensive down, very much neglected in point of

[1] "I must have some talk with this learned Theban!"

cultivation, but apparently of a kindly soil. About eleven we reached a cluster of hovels, where we halted to breakfast; from thence we despatched the Tartar and a Greek servant with a letter to the English Consul at Athens.

The route improves in interest in proportion as we advanced towards the province of Attica; till, from the summit of the hills Ægaleon and Corydalus, we caught the first distant view of the Acropolis, and the city spread out beneath, with the Piræus and the neighbouring islands in front. These soon disappeared, and it was not till after an interval of several miles that we regained a sight of so brilliant and magnificent a spectacle.

At length we reached the plain which conducts to the city of Minerva. The fortress, as again seen from a turn in the road, seemed to rise from an elevation, which gave it a strong resemblance to Windsor Castle[1]. The approach to

[1] It is not, of course, the intention of the writer to assert, that the Grecian structures on the Acropolis bear any resemblance to Gothic battlements. The summit of the rock is covered with a variety of buildings of different orders: these, when beheld from a point too remote to enable the spectator to distinguish their peculiar character,—and appearing as if blended

the town is unrivalled in beauty and interest. We passed through corn-fields and olive-groves in a most delightful evening in this most beautiful season; the air perfumed with gales from Hymettus, and tempered by breezes from the Ægean Sea; the firmament glowing with the hues of sapphire, and the last rays of the setting sun still gleaming on the ruins of the citadel!

By the interference of the British agent, Signor Logotheti, we were immediately supplied with every accommodation in the house of an Italian artist, at the foot of the Areopagus.

in one irregular mass,—from an outline, which, taken altogether, certainly presents a likeness to those striking features which mark "the stately brow of Windsor."

LETTER XVIII.

Athens, May 12th, 1817.

. . . . To the flowery seat
Of all the muses next transport thy flight—
Sweet ATTICA—where by the music sooth'd
Of all the Nine, and emulous to learn
Their strains mellifluous, pure Ilissus' stream
Rolls whispering by—hail, sage philosophers!
Hail, holy bards, in every age rever'd—
Fathers of Latian first, then British Song!

ANONYMOUS.

BEFORE I attempt to offer any description of Athens, in its present state, it may not be uninteresting to take a retrospect of some of the more prominent events that mark its history, and which have gradually conducted it to the degree of degradation in which it has for ages been depressed.

Setting aside the enthusiasm of pedantry or affectation, it is scarcely possible for any one to avoid feeling unusually excited, when for the first time he visits the spot, with which all that is excel-

lent in art, and all that is exalted in character, are so intimately associated. "*Remember it is* ATHENS *you approach*," said Pliny[1], in his instructions to Maximus, when he was appointed to the Proconsulate of Achaia. And Cicero, on a similar occasion, exhorts Quintus to reflect, that the subjects of his government are the descendants of that enlightened people, who taught mankind the virtues of humanity, and to whom Rome herself was indebted for her most imperishable glories.

A distinguished political writer, in some of his earlier essays, has reproached the people of the American States with their "*want of ancestry!*"—a recommendation, indeed, which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been denied.—The States of Greece seem to have been very anxious to guard against a similar imputation; and perhaps one of the first disputes which ever agitated the passions of mankind was the antiquity of their descent. Hence we find almost every nation, whose origin was not clearly deducible, assuming to be coeval with the foundations of the world. The Arcadians, we are told, claimed a priority of creation to the

[1] Epist. lib. viii. xxiv.

moon, and styled themselves Προσέληνοι: and the Athenians adopted the name of Αὐτόχθονες, to imply that they were the offspring of the soil which they inhabited.

The original proprietors of Attica were unquestionably a very ancient nation, though tradition has preserved no account of them antecedent to the reign of OGYGES, who is said to have been contemporary with the patriarch Jacob. The government of this prince is the most distant point to which the Athenian chronicles aspire. His death, after a life of power and prosperity, was occasioned by a mighty deluge, which involved all Attica and Achaia in one common ruin. From thence to the time of Cecrops, a period of nearly two hundred years[1], little is known of any of their transactions; but that adventurer, having collected the scattered tribes, gave them a form of government, civil and religious, which he borrowed from the Egyptians, and took upon himself the rank and office of King. He held his court on the summit of the Acropolis, around which the natives were invited to settle, as a

[1] Dr. Valpy dates the establishment of Cecrops' authority in the year of the world 2448.

security from the evils of a second inundation. The new city, in compliment to its founder, was called *Cecropia*, but subsequently changed to the name it at present bears, in honour of Minerva.

THESEUS was the tenth in succession from Cecrops: it was under the administration of this prince that Athens began to advance in power and opulence, and thenceforward her history assumes something of an authentic form. He new-modelled the government, revised and abrogated some of the laws, supplied their place by others better adapted to the genius of the people, and proved himself, in every instance, attentive to the welfare and happiness of his subjects. CODRUS, the last person invested with the kingly title, was the seventeenth who had been raised to that dignity. But the Archons, who immediately succeeded him, differed so little in the nature and extent of their power, that many writers reckon them among the number of sovereigns.

The duration of the office of Archon was subsequently reduced to ten years, and at length became annual. PISISTRATUS, however, having by stratagem got possession of the citadel, seized on the government, and maintained the supreme power

above seventeen years. He was succeeded by his two sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, the latter of whom being slain by Aristogiton, the former sought refuge in the court of Darius. This led to the Persian invasion and the battle of Marathon, which was followed by the expedition of Xerxes, who advanced to Athens and set fire to the town. It was subjected to a second conflagration by his Lieutenant, Mardonius; but the victories of Salamis and Platæa put an end to these oppressions, and enabled th city to emerge more bright and glorious from the midst of desolation.

Under the powerful administration of PERICLES[1], who was intrusted with the government during forty years, Athens was adorned with those matchless productions of art, which have been the models to all succeeding ages. The battle of Mantinea, which took place three hundred and sixty-three years before the Christian era, left Athens without a rival; and the consequent neglect of those warlike habits, which raised her citizens to pre-eminence, facilitated their subjugation by Alexander the Great.

[1] Pericles died about 430 years before Christ.

Several years after the death of Alexander they were reduced to solicit the protection of Rome, and to receive a Roman garrison; but they were easily persuaded by the popular orators to regard this as a degradation, and finding their protectors engaged in a harassing war with Mithridates, they took occasion to revolt. A terrible retribution was soon after exacted by Sylla, who committed so merciless a slaughter in the city, that the streets are said literally to have streamed with human blood. The public buildings were at the same time so much injured and defaced, that they were never completely restored till the reign of Adrian.

In the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, the Athenians attached themselves to the interests of the latter; but Cæsar, with his characteristic generosity, forbore to visit them with the severities of a conqueror. On the death of the Imperial Dictator,—with the baseness and ingratitude which mark a fickle character,—they scrupled not to make party with his assassins; afterwards, coming over to Anthony, they were put in possession of Ægina and some other islands. Augustus does not appear to have ever regarded them with any favourable con-

siderations, and a short time before his decease they attempted to shake off his authority. His successor, however, allowed them their freedom, though they were bound by alliance to espouse the interests of Rome. Germanicus, the adopted son of Tiberius, honoured them with the privilege of having a lictor to precede their magistrates; and in this state they remained till the reign of Vespasian, who reduced Attica and Achaia to a Roman province. Nerva subsequently restored to them some appearance of liberty, but they were in many respects subordinate to the government of the Emperor, who even nominated the professors in their schools, and appointed their archons. It was thus that Adrian became invested with that office, previously to his elevation to the imperial dignity: he afterwards proved a most liberal patron to the citizens; granting them many privileges, giving them just and moderate laws, and enlarging their possessions by the island of Cephalonia. Under this munificent prince Athens re-flourished, and its former glories were revived. He restored the fortifications, repaired the public buildings, and added a range of new edifices at his own expense, which he called ADRIANOPOLIS.

But, to shorten a detail, which has already exceeded all epistolary bounds, let me conduct you through the lapse of nearly two hundred and seventy years, to the time of Arcadius and Honorius, in whose reigns Alaric, King of the Goths, made an irruption into Greece and Italy, sacking, pillaging, and destroying all before him. "The whole territory of Attica," says Gibbon, "from the promontory of Sunium to the town of Megara, was blasted by his baneful presence." The city of Minerva, however, was preserved from spoliation by the superstitious fears of the barbarian invader. Zosimus has reported that Alaric was deterred from plundering the city by a vision, in which the tutelary goddess appeared before him,—"clad in complete steel,"—and attended by Achilles, in all the terrific majesty with which the great poet has arrayed him, when he issues forth to avenge the death of Patroclus[1].

Claudian, indeed, gives a very different account; and Synesius, who was living at the time, compares the appearance of the city, on the total extinction of all the treasures of antiquity, and the

[1] Iliad, xx. v. 164.

ruin of every stately and magnificent structure, to the skin of a sacrificial victim after the carcass is consumed [1].

[1] How greatly this idea has been ennobled by Lord Byron, is most eloquently attested by the following passage :—

He who has bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death has fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress ;—
Ere yet decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the line where beauty lingers,—
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd, yet tender, tints that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not,—wins not,—weeps not,—now—
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer's heart——
Yes—but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd,
The first—last look—by death reveal'd!

Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece,—but living Greece no more!—
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start,—*for soul is wanting there.*
Her's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;

But

Athens never recovered from this overwhelming calamity: from the reign of Justinian to the thirteenth century, a chasm of nearly seven hundred years, there is no account of any interesting event connected with the Athenian history. At that period it came into the possession of Baldwin, and was afterwards successively the property of the Marquis Bonifacius, and a cadet of the house of Arragon, named Delves. On his decease it fell into the hands of Bajazet, emperor of the Turks.

The Spaniards of Catalonia, under the command of Andronicus Palæologus the elder, next became its masters; and these were dispossessed by a Florentine, called Reinerius Acciaiolo, who, dying without legitimate issue, bequeathed it to the republic of Venice. The Venetians were, in their turn, dispossessed by Antony, a natural son of Reinerius, who was succeeded by a relation named

> But beauty with that fearful bloom,
> That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
> Expression's last-receding ray,
> A gilded halo hovering round decay,
> The farewell-beam of Feeling past away!
> Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
> Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth!
>
> *The Giaour.*

Nerius: he was expelled by his brother Antony, but on the death of the latter recovered the possession. Leaving only an infant son, his wife assumed the government, till she was ejected by Mahomet, on a remonstrance from Francus, a son of the second Antony. This person, succeeding to the government, confined his relation in a fortress at Megara, and afterwards put her to death. For this act of tyranny a complaint was made by her son to MAHOMET THE SECOND, who sent an army, under the conduct of Omar, to besiege the citadel. Francus in vain sought assistance from the Latins, who refused any succour, except on condition of his embracing the tenets of their faith: being unable to induce his subjects to comply with this stipulation, he was compelled, in the year 1455, to surrender the city to the Turkish power, under whose dominion it still continues.

Athens, when in its highest degree of splendour and prosperity, is said to have been a day's journey in extent; but such a statement appears altogether incredible: a more exact computation reduces the circuit to one hundred and ninety-five stadia, which, if the stadium be considered equivalent to

a furlong, will amount to something above four-and-twenty miles. In this calculation, the wall connecting the city with the Piræus is of course included. If to that distance we add the space between the Piræus and the Munichya, and subtract the amount, seventeen miles, the compass of the city alone will be little more than seven; about three times its present circumference.

Of the numerous temples[1], baths, urns, statues, &c. &c., which existed when Athens was the light of the world, it is difficult to form any adequate conception. Their various properties and applications have indeed been amply discussed by persons of much greater beard and erudition than I can aspire to. I shall not weary you, therefore, with many observations on this subject, but confine myself to an enumeration of the few remaining monuments, which have survived the ravages of contending armies, or escaped the devastations of ignorance and avarice.

[1] According to Pliny, there were not fewer than *three thousand images* remaining in the Acropolis, even after the plunder of Nero.

Rhodi etiamnum 111 millia signorum esse, mutianus ter Consul prodidit, nec pauciora Athenis et Olympiæ, Delphis superesse creduntur.—*Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxiii. cap. vii.

LETTER XIX.

Athens.

The walls which encircle modern Athens are little more than two miles in extent: the number of inhabitants is estimated at seven thousand; of these more than two-thirds are Greeks; the other part of the population consists of Turks, with a small proportion of Franks, and about two hundred black slaves. There is an air of propriety and neatness in almost every quarter of the city; but the streets are narrow, and laid out with very little regard to regularity. The houses, with some few exceptions, are generally small, and of a uniform construction; the roofs low and flat, and universally covered with pantiles, which the force of the sun has changed to a dusky brown. Near the bazaars there is a fountain, clear and copious, but this is the only one which the town affords. Mr. North[1] attempted to place another in a different

[1] The present Earl of Guilford.

quarter, and inscribed the marble with his own name: it has since become neglected, and the spring either diverted to another channel, or totally dried up. Each of these reservoirs appears to have been constructed solely from motives of utility, as they are totally destitute of the slightest semblance of ornament. This is not, perhaps, very much to be regretted, unless the embellishments could have been of a different description from those which are usually adopted on these occasions in France and Italy, where the stream appears as if disgorged from the throat and stomach of some animal! the revolting ideas inevitably associated with such exhibition, must necessarily subtract from any feeling of pleasure or admiration. There is, indeed, a very splendid instance of a better taste in the grand piazza before St. Peter's. Foreigners almost always express their astonishment that London, so copiously supplied as it is in every district with water, should be deficient in these elegant decorations;—for, with the exception only of the brilliant affair in the Temple, the noblest capital in the world has not a single fountain to adorn it.

The city is built ina semi-circular form, descend-

ing westward from the Acropolis, and taking a north-eastern direction to the gate of Theseus, on the interior architrave of which there is still extant the following inscription :—

ΑΙΔΕΙΣ[1] ΑΘΗΝΑΙ ΘΗΣΕΩΣ Η ΠΡΙΝ ΠΟΛΙΣ.
This is Athens, the ancient city of Theseus.

The side which fronts Hymettus commemorates the addition made by the Emperor Adrian:

ΑΙΔΕΙΣ ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΟΥΚ ΘΗΣΕΩΣ ΠΟΛΙΣ.
This is the city of Adrian, and not of Theseus.

The gate possesses few recommendations, either as a relic of art or antiquity—but at a little distance to the north-east, are the splendid remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, which was begun by Pisistratus, but not finished till the reign of Adrian. They are a magnificent cluster of columns of the Corinthian order, nearly sixty feet in height, and six feet in diameter. Sixteen still exist in good preservation: of these thirteen are in a connected group, the remaining three are detached from the principal mass, and separate from each other. The marble is of the purest white, except where tarnished by the atmosphere, which is generally too serene to have injured them materially.

[1] Αἰδὶς, a metrical abbreviation of αἰ δὶ εἰσιν.

The Parthenon crowns the summit of the Acropolis. It is impossible to contemplate this stupendous and venerable mass, without feeling that the ravages committed here a few years since fully justify the severity of satire with which the author of *Childe Harold* has visited those spoliations. Such at least is the impression conveyed by *the first* survey of this noble ruin. The form of the structure was originally square, having one hundred feet each side, from which circumstance it was called εκατόμπεδον; but on its restoration by Pericles, after the destruction of the city by the Persians, it assumed the shape of an oblong parallelogram; being, according to the accurate admeasurement of Sir George Wheler, two hundred and seventeen feet nine inches in length, and ninety-eight feet six inches in breadth. Each side consisted of seventeen columns of the Doric order, fluted, and each extremity had eight. The height of the columns is forty-two feet; the circumference seventeen and a half; the intercolumniation seven feet four inches[1].

[1] See Plutarch's *Life of Cato* for an account of the exemption from all future labour, and of maintenance at the public charge, decreed to such beasts of burden as had as-

The decorations of this sovereign temple were in every respect worthy of the Divinity to whose glory it was consecrated. The story of her birth formed the subject of the front pediment, and her contest with Neptune, for the possession of the country, was represented at the back. The frieze, metopes, and other sculptural embellishments, are detailed in various treatises with technical precision. These I shall not repeat; but merely offer an abridged description of the chief statue of the guardian goddess. It was the production of Phidias, and carved in ivory. The warlike daughter of Jupiter was represented standing, with a robe flowing to the ground. A sphinx towered on the crest of her helmet, each side of which was embossed with a griffin. On the breast-plate was the Gorgon's head; in one hand she grasped a spear, and in the other held an image of victory. The contests of the Centaurs and Lapithæ were graven on her sandals; and the battles of the gods

sisted in conveying materials for this national structure. The humane reflexions of the biographer on that occasion, and the just severity with which he has visited the unfeeling conduct of CATO towards those of his slaves, whose services age or infirmity had impaired, will find an echo in every bosom that has the common sympathies of our nature.

and giants, and the wars between the Athenians and Amazons were carved on the shield, which was placed at her feet. A serpent was represented near the spear, as illustrative of the story of Ericthonius; and the birth of Pandora was depicted on the pedestal.

Next in interest to the Parthenon, is the temple of Minerva Polias, so called from her being the protectress of the city. Here (if we may trust tradition) was preserved the *original olive*, produced by this goddess when asserting her claims to give a name to the new colony founded by Cecrops; and here also was deposited the sacred image, supposed to have fallen from heaven. Two dragons were the guardians of this hallowed relic: before it was placed an owl, and a golden lamp so skilfully formed, as not to require replenishment more than once a year. The frieze, and the Ionic volutes which decorate this structure, are of unequalled lightness and elegance: the building was consecrated in part to Neptune, surnamed Erectheus; and in this latter division was the salt-spring, called ερεχθηΐς, which mythology feigns to have issued from a stroke of Neptune's trident.

The adjoining temple, called the Pandroseum,

is a small structure, of which the most striking embellishments are the figures termed *caryatides*, which support the entablature. Carya was a city in the Peloponnesus, which, during the Persian war, made common cause with the enemy. On the expulsion of the invaders, the Greeks, to punish their desertion from the general interests, exterminated the male population, and carried off the females prisoners: these last they reduced to the condition of slaves; but, with a refinement of severity, forced them to retain their peculiar dress and personal ornaments. It was to perpetuate this act of vengeance, that the architects of the day are supposed to have represented them in the discharge of some menial office, each supporting a burthen on the head with one hand, and the other resting by the side.

The figures were originally six in number; at present only four remain. The struggle of Minerva, when resisting the impetuosity of Vulcan, produced an earth-born monster, called Erectheus, or Ericthonius. The goddess of chastity enclosed the infant in a chest, and intrusted it to three sisters, with a strict injunction not to examine the contents. Female curiosity proved fatal to two;

the virtue of the third, *Pandrosos*, prevailed over the temptation, and she was rewarded with the observance of religious rites and ceremonies, annually celebrated in her honour.

The Propyléa, which I ought to have mentioned first, as it was anciently the entrance of the citadel, though much mutilated and deformed by modern buildings, has still many traces which attest its former grandeur. The Doric order is preserved here, as in the Parthenon. There were five doors in front; a number not more than sufficient to afford an easy access to the crowds who, on particular occasions, from devotion or curiosity, thronged to the Acropolis. The right wing of this building consisted of a temple dedicated to Victory. It was on this point that Ægeus is supposed to have stood, with his eyes eagerly strained towards the sea, to descry the vessel in which Theseus was returning from Crete.

The image of victory was represented without wings, because the news of Theseus' success did not precede his return. The superstition of the people appears also to have been consulted; and they were taught to believe, that as the goddess was described

without the symbols of flight, she would never desert her present situation.

The opposite wing was enriched by the pencil of Polygnotus. The building existed in a state of perfect preservation in the time of Pausanias; an interval, from its foundation during the government of Pericles, of considerably more than five hundred years. I have mentioned two statues of Minerva; one placed in the Parthenon, and one in the temple of Minerva Polias; but there was a third, of very colossal proportions, carved in brass by Phidias, and dedicated with a tenth of the spoils taken at Marathon. This image was so vast, that the crest and point of the lance are said to have been visible from Sunium,—a distance of forty-five miles!

But to quit this lofty eminence, where every object is impressed with some barbarous mark of desolation, let me conduct you to the interior of the city. Here the most prominent and the most perfect relic is the celebrated temple of Theseus. Though detached from any other building, and standing at present in the middle of a corn-field, it is within the inclosure of the modern walls, and was originally in the heart of the town, near the place

where the youth of Athens performed their gymnastic exercises. It was erected by Conon[1], and recognized by law as a sanctuary for slaves, and indeed for all others who fled from the persecution of men in power. Of all the remains of art and antiquity, this structure has escaped with the least violation: it is still comparatively entire, a master-piece of architecture. The order and form are exactly those of the Parthenon, though the dimensions are considerably less. The sculpture, in the front and at the extremity, represents the battles of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and the personal achievements of the hero to whose glory the fabric was erected: his exploits and those of Hercules were carved on the metopes in alto relievo: the following are conjectured to be some of the subjects:—

1. Theseus driving the bull of Marathon to Athens. 2. Killing the sow of Crommyon. 3. Hurling Sciron from a rock into the sea. 4. Wrestling with Circyon. 5. Destroying the Minotaur. 6. Hercules vanquishing the Nemæan lion. 7. Slaying the hydra, attended by Iolaus. 8. Receiving the golden apples from a nymph of the Hesperides.

[1] About 390 years before Christ.

The interior is generally closed, and the rites of the Greek church are, on particular occasions, solemnized on an altar erected in a recess at the eastern extremity. It is dedicated to St. George, and deformed with several very execrable paintings. Nothing surely can be more ill-judged than the application of designs, taken from the inspired pages of Christianity, as subjects of decoration to a heathen temple. It is like confounding the Æolian lyre with the harp of Æolus! or,—"not to speak it profanely,"—placing the robe of Socrates on a modern professor of moral philosophy. Who would not feel his religious sentiment outraged on viewing the image of the Belvidere Apollo,—all radiant though it appears with majesty and beauty,—or even that of the Venus de' Medici,—

"The statue which enchants the world,"

placed in the chancel of a Protestant cathedral?

Of late years this temple has served as a Protestant cemetery, and there are monumental slabs placed over the tombs of two English gentlemen interred here. One of these has been adorned with the following inscription by Mr. Robert Walpole:—

ΤΥΤΙΔΕΛΛΑ.

Εὖδεις ἐν φθιμένοισι· μάτην σοφίης ἀρ' ἐδρίψας
Ἄνθεα, καὶ σὲ νιὸν Μοῦσ' ἐφιλήσε μάτην.
Ἀλλὰ μόνον τὸ γὰ σῶμά τὸ γηΐνον ἀμφικαλύπτει
Τύμβος ὅδε· ψυχὴν οὐρανὸς αἰπὺς ἔχει.
Ἡμιν δ' οἱ σὲ φίλοι φίλον ὡς, κατὰ δάκρυ χέοντες
Μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας χλωρὸν, ὀδυρόμεθα,
Ἠδὺ γ' ὅμως καὶ τηρνὸν ἔχειν τοῦτ' ἔστιν, Ἀθηναν
Ὡς σὺ Βρίτανος ἐων κεῖσαι ἐν σποδιῇ.

In the ruins of the piazza, near the market-place, though much damaged and defaced, there are still the vestiges of an elegant and magnificent pile. Possibly Zeno's portico once formed a part of this structure; at least Pausanias asserts, that the forum was near the place where that philosopher delivered his peculiar doctrines. At some little distance from hence is the Franciscan convent: the building appears to be of modern date; but one of the outer walls abuts against a small circular building, which, for some reason that I could not understand, has been called the lantern of Demosthenes. These are, I believe, the only remaining fragments of genuine antiquity in the city; there is, indeed, one other structure, which has been designated the Temple of the Eight Winds; but Pausanias makes no mention of it; and the clumsiness

of the fabric, if it existed in his time, may well justify the omission. Its form is octagonal, the different sides having figures in relief of Æolus and his associates, with inflated cheeks and distended limbs. The south-west part of this building has been converted to a mosque; and on the recurrence of certain festivals, it is applied to the celebration of many tedious ceremonies. There is, however, in another quarter of the town, a much more splendid temple, consecrated to the Turkish worship. It is an elegant structure, and very chastely decorated in the interior, to which I obtained admission without any difficulty. A minute description of the ornaments would scarcely be interesting; but you may imagine a large saloon, with a lofty cupola in the centre, from which various lamps depend; galleries are carried round the sides, supported on arches; and the compartments are variously painted, and inlaid with different-coloured marbles.

LETTER XX.

To S. S****E, Esq.

Athens, May, 1817.

My dear Sir,

In the brightest period of the Athenian history, theatric exhibitions were in such estimation, that the representation of the tragedies of Sophocles alone is said to have cost the state more than the whole Peloponnesian war; and the profession of the stage became so creditable, that ambassadors were selected from the body of the players. This was the era when the Attic genius triumphed; when its liberty was pure and virtuous; when a citizen could have gone from a conference with Socrates, to an oration from Demosthenes,—and have closed his evening with the Electra of Sophocles, the Phædra of Euripides, the moral scenes of Menander, or the sprightly comic muse of Aristophanes[1].

The figure of the ancient theatres was usually the segment of a circle, of which the chord was

[1] See Foote's admirable letter to the author of the "*Remarks, Critical and Christian*," on the "Minor."

so extended, that the stage was easily brought within the view of every part of the building assigned to the spectators. The Κοῖλον, or cavea, consisted of three divisions, placed in equal degrees above each other. That nearest the orchestra belonged to the magistrates and persons of rank; the middle rows were thrown open to the public, and the highest places were exclusively set apart for the women. Here, as in Italy, the seats were formed of stone, without any permanent covering; and it was left to the caprice or fancy of the fair occupant to mitigate the inconvenience of so coarse a material, by any mode which her taste or inclination might suggest. The readiest resource, on such occasions, was a cushion; in a delicate and adroit adjustment of which, the young CHESTERFIELDS of the age were accustomed to display some of their most successful attentions. A great master in the art of gallantry has remarked,

> ——— fuit utile multis,
> Pulvinum *facili* composuisse manu!—
> *Art. Amat.* lib. i. 159.

The structure of the interior appears to have been extremely simple, and a rigid adherence to

the unities of time and place would necessarily limit the exertions of the mechanist and painter; a consideration that renders almost unintelligible the extravagant cost, which particular representations are said to have been attended with. In none of the ancient dramas are there any of those intricate plots or complexities of situation which have been introduced by later writers: the developement of *character* was the great object of the poet; and this object is surely effected in a much less degree by an application to the *senses*, than by appealing to the passions and affections. But where *character* is everything, the decorations of the piece might, one would imagine, be confined within a very moderate expense. Yet, however costly or gorgeous the pageant of the scene, the dialogue must have lost more than half its effect from the intervention of the masks with which the performers encumbered themselves, as a mode of extending the powers of the voice. It is extremely difficult to conceive how the lofty passages in Æschylus, or the tender eloquence of Euripides, could make a due impression when delivered under such disguise. All the conflict of the passions

which the poet has so terribly described, and which we have been accustomed to *see* so powerfully pourtrayed, in the beautifully-expressive features and noble forms of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, could, on the ancient stage, have been addressed only to the *ear;* and the glory of the scenic art, as developed in the countenance of our great tragic actress,—while command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead,—must have been utterly unfelt and unknown by an Athenian or a Roman audience [1].

[1] The actor had many other embarrassments to contend with, as obstacles to impede the free exertion of his powers. The *cothurnus*, or buskin, raised him to an unnatural elevation, and must, of necessity, have affected the easy dignity of his carriage; while the bandages which were applied to his person and limbs, in order to give them an appearance correspondent to the assumed altitude, could not but have rendered almost impossible the display of any striking attitude or graceful gesture.—These inconveniences are pointed out with much pleasantry by Lucian, in the Dialogue ΠΕΡΙ ΟΡΧΗΣΕΩΣ: Τὴν τραγωδίαν δὲ γε απο του σχήματος πρώτου καταμαθωμεν, οἵα ἐστιν, ὡς εἰδεχθὴς ἅμα καὶ φοβερὸν διάμα εις μηκος ἀῤῥυθμον πσκημενος ἄνθρωπος, ἐμβάταις ὑψηλοῖς ἐποχούμενος, πρόσωπον ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς ἀνατείνομενον ἐπίκειμενος, καὶ στομα κεχηνὸς πάμμεγα, ὡς καταπιομενος τους Θεατὰς. Ἐν λιγειν προστερνιδια, καὶ προγαστρίδια, προσθετὴν, και επισχνην παχυτητα προσποιούμενος, ἀς μὴ τοῦ μήκους ἡ ἀῤῥυθμία εν λιαπῷ μαλλον ἐλιγχοιτο.—Encumbered with such restrictions, even ALBERT himself, the peculiar ornament of that stage, which the

There are the ruins of only one theatre now remaining,—this is generally supposed to have been the Odeum : what is still extant is sufficient to convey a tolerably accurate idea of its extent and form. It stands at the *south-western* extremity of the Acropolis, near the base; the acclivity being made subservient to the successive elevations of the seats of the spectators.

This building was erected by Pericles, who fashioned the roof so as to give it a resemblance to the King of Persia's pavilion. It was appropriated chiefly to musical exhibitions, but not exclusively confined to them: indeed, there is a passage in one of the comedies of Aristophanes[1], which seems to imply that it was used occasionally for the Sessions of the Eleven Magistrates. In the war with Mithridates it became totally demolished, but was subsequently rebuilt by Herodes Atticus[2], in compliment to the memory of his wife Regilla, and re-

Graces are supposed to have chosen as their favourite temple,—even this accomplished artist must have been overpowered by the weight of such ornaments, and have sunk beneath their pressure.

[1] Σφηκες.

[2] Herodes Atticus was one of the most affluent citizens ever known at Athens.

newed with such astonishing splendour, as to surpass the most celebrated buildings in Greece. Here the poems of Homer were recited with the accompaniments of an orchestra, and here the rhapsodists chaunted the praises of Harmodius and Aristogiton, in all the fervour of democratic enthusiasm.

Part of the proscenium has escaped the general destruction, and a small portion of the outer wall of the right wing. The area in which the audience were arranged is sufficient to have contained some thousand spectators. It is at present sown with corn. The stage appears to have been rather narrow, and the depth behind the curtain so extremely contracted, that it could not possibly have admitted any splendid pageant or numerous retinue.

Of the theatre of Bacchus there are scarcely any traces visible; but there is an indenture on the side of the hill in the extremity, opposite to the position of the Odeum, which is supposed to mark its site. It was here that the legitimate drama appeared in its most perfect state. Gray's estimate makes an audience in the Athenian theatre to have consisted of *above thirty thousand persons!*[1] Without venturing to question the accuracy of such dis-

[1] Notes on the Symposium of Plato.

tinguished authority, we may, perhaps, infer, from considerations arising from the supposed number of Athenian citizens, that the performances must have been given—comparatively, at least, with modern exhibitions—at distantly recurring periods. For it would be difficult, even in the enormous population of London, to imagine thirty thousand individuals nightly attracted by dramatic representations.

About a hundred yards from this spot is the channel of the Ilissus. I will own that I was much chagrined at finding this celebrated stream, which I had fancied to be at least equal to the Cam or the Isis, dwindled into a brook of very narrow dimensions. The bed is at present almost entirely dry, but in the winter months the current is said to be full and rapid. In some few places, the *extreme breadth* between the margin of the banks may be equivalent to that of the New River at Islington, and the depth about four feet; but there are many parts where—"under the correction of bragging, be it spoken"—I could spring across it with the most perfect ease[1].

[1] The current of this rivulet is variously contracted; and though sometimes enlarged to eight or ten yards in breadth, is frequently reduced within twelve or sixteen feet;—at least where it flows within view of the city.

Travellers are proverbially entitled to embroider their narratives with the *laticlave* of fiction! You will, I am sure, acquit me of exerting such privilege; and indeed I here wish to be understood as speaking *à la lettre*. Pursuing the river's track in the direction of its source, we arrived, in little more than a quarter of a mile, at the ruins of a bridge thrown over the channel, as an entrance to the *Stadium*. On this subject it may be sufficient to remind you, that the Stadium was a part in the gymnasia assigned for the exercises of the young athletæ. There were many such at Athens; but this on the banks of the Ilissus was by far the most celebrated. It was originally planned by Lycurgus, the son of Lycophron, and received many additions and embellishments from the munificence of Herodes Atticus. Pausanias describes its splendours in detail: these have long since disappeared, but its form and extent may be traced with some degree of accuracy[1]. Two lines, running parallel to each other for about a fur-

[1] A good *English version of Pausanias* is certainly a desideratum: it would be a most valuable companion to those visitants of Greece, whose intimacy with the original,—time, or any other cause, may have impaired.

long[1], are closed at the eastern extremity by a circular wall. The interval was hollowed out as a stage for the runners; and the seats for the spectators were arranged on the hill, which sloped above it in every direction except at the point of entrance. On the north side there is a subterranean passage, by which it is conjectured the unsuccessful candidates retreated from the gaze of the populace: it also served as a private admission to the president of the games, and other public officers, after the people were assembled. The five exercises rewarded by national prizes were, as is well known, *running*, *leaping*, *hurling the discus*, *wrestling*, and *throwing the spear*. SWIMMING does not appear to have received any public encouragement; yet to be deficient in so elegant and useful an accomplishment was held to be a deep reproach.

There are few spectacles, surely, which could be more interesting than those exhibitions, in which the flower of the youth of a nation assembled at chosen seasons, to contend with amicable rivalry in feats of agility and strength. The high-toned elas-

[1] The exact measurement makes the length six hundred and thirty English feet.

ticity and animated glow of health, which a necessary course of training would give to the different candidates,—their features radiant with joy or beaming with hope, and their fine forms developed in the height of emulative energy,—must have produced an effect on the spectators, which no modern institution has in any degree approached. Why should similar pursuits be inconsistent with the conduct of existing governments? They would naturally tend to encourage exertion in individuals; and it is from the union of individual exertion that national strength is derived[1].

[1] A very excellent and judicious system of gymnastic exercises, as arranged by M. Clias, has within these few years been introduced in England; and, having received the approval and patronage of the Duke of York, is adopted at the Military Colleges of Sandhurst and Woolwich. If in any of the fashionable *foreign* schools,—for it is impossible to imagine such an irregularity in England,—a very opposite course should be pursued; and if in such seminaries, where the pupils are very numerous, and very affluent, they should so far be indulged in indolent habits as not to be required to quit their beds before eight o'clock in the morning,—even during the summer months!—if, too, instead of the plain, nutritive diet,

> ——— "the school-boy's simple fare,
> The temperate sleep, and slumbers light as air"—

luxurious repasts, of the most costly and stimulating viands, should be allowed;—surely, wherever practices of this kind are

The soil in this quarter is extremely poor; it produces, however, one herb, of which much richer lands might envy it the possession. Our guide assured us it had been discovered, by some French chemist, to be an infallible specific for the terrible

suffered to prevail, the conductor of the establishment merits the retributive correction which Camillus so justly visited on the schoolmaster at Falerii.

"Let those of a firm and vigorous age," says Cicero *, "enjoy the robust sports which are suitable to that season of life—sibi igitur habeant arma, sibi equos, sibi hastas, sibi clavam, sibi pilam, sibi natationes, et cursus—let them exert their manly strength and address in darting the javelin, or contending in the race—in wielding the bat or throwing the ball—in riding or in swimming." A degree of encouragement has lately been extended to these healthful pursuits, which has led to the appropriation of spacious allotments of ground, in different quarters of the various fauxbourgs of London; where the young artisans and "*operatives*" of all descriptions may practise the various branches of the gymnastic exercise,—assisted by the instructions of a professor,—on paying a pecuniary contribution of such inconsiderable amount, as to be almost nominal. In the establishment so adroitly conducted by M. Hamon, in St. James's-street, the terms are more costly: his saloon is, therefore, frequented for the most part by those classes, which, in radical jargon, would probably be termed "*inoperative!*" In the language of a great philosopher,—the patron and advocate of all such institutions,—they may be far more correctly described as the resort τῶν τι νέων τοὺς ἐπιεικεστάτους δοκοῦντας εἶναι τὴν ἰδίαν, καὶ ΠΑΤΕΡΩΝ ΕΤΑΟΚΙΜΩΝ.—(PLATO.)

* *Senect.* 16.

disorder with which the Aborigines of America avenged themselves on their European invaders. We made a very diligent but fruitless search for this invaluable plant; nor could I learn what vegetable it resembled, unless it was *hemlock*, of which there is great abundance in the environs of the city.

In the afternoon we went to examine the ground once peculiarly consecrated to the pursuits of philosophy,—where the disciples of Plato resorted to attend his lectures,—

Atque inter sylvas Academi QUÆRERE VERUM.

The scene of the philosopher's contemplations is about a mile to the west of the town:—before we quit the neighbourhood, I may perhaps submit to you an attempt—however imperfect—to clothe one of his shortest essays in an English dress.

The sylvan walks and bowers have been for ages removed, and their place is occupied by some modern gardens, disposed with much neatness, and applied to the culture of the vine. The Cephissus flows through the adjoining grounds. This is a more considerable river than the Ilyssus, and even at the

present season supplies a sufficiency of water for the olive-groves in its immediate neighbourhood. Here, as in every other quarter where the bocage is at all luxuriant, the Cicada, at this period of the year, is incessant in its efforts at singing. This stridulous little creature is about the size of a locust, and, I think, not very unlike it in figure, but of a darker hue, and perfectly innocent of the destructive properties which belong to that "obscene harpy." It sits almost the whole day long among the twigs and branches of trees,—and, without any pause, sends forth a chirping tone more shrill and piercing than the notes of a cricket; the sound increasing in violence with the intensity of the sun's rays. Possibly it is capable of subsisting a considerable time without any kind of nourishment; for it absolutely appears to allow itself no interval for the purpose of taking food. In its intermediate state, between a worm and a fly, it was ranked by the ancient Greeks among the delicacies of the table. May it not have been the insect alluded to in the Gospel, as affording sustenance to the precursor of the Messiah?

In the evening we made another visit to the Acropolis, attended by the English Consul, who

played the part of gentleman-usher at the levee of the Disdar Aga. That worthy magistrate conducted himself on the occasion with becoming dignity, and received our pecuniary deposit with the air of a turnpike-man collecting the toll. He offered us, however, the usual refreshments of sweetmeats and coffee.

LETTER XXI.

Athens, May, 1817.

THE Areopagus was the seat of a court of justice, the most solemn and respected of any in the states of Greece. Its origin, like every other remote institution, is involved in fable. Mythologists derive the term Ἀρειοπαγος from the arraignment of Mars, who was the first criminal that came under its cognisance, being charged with the murder of one of Neptune's sons, and the seduction of his daughter, Alcippa. The celestial synod here sat in judgment on the accused, and he was acquitted by six voices.

The period when this tribunal was first constituted cannot now be ascertained; the precise date, perhaps, is not very material. It is well-known to have existed antecedently to Solon[1], who revised and regulated its enactments, and extended

[1] Solon flourished between five and six hundred years before the birth of our Saviour.

its jurisdiction. Ecclesiastical concerns, as well as secular, were within its province; and all points of religion, blasphemy against the recognised deities, contempt of the holy mysteries, and the introduction of new forms of worship, were referred to its authority and subjected to its judgment. It was in this capacity that the Areopagites cited St. Paul to appear before them, as a "setter forth of *strange gods*," and as proclaiming the doctrine of a future resurrection[1].

The identity of the mount is ascertained by Dr. Chandler, from a comparison of a passage in Pausanias with one of Lucian's dialogues. The first of these writers describes the Areopagus to be *opposite the cave of Pan and Apollo;* and Lucian represents Mercury arriving at Athens in company with *Justice*, who is commissioned by Jupiter to hold a court on that eminence. Mercury desires his companion to sit down on the hill *looking towards the Pnyx*, while he ascends the Acropolis, and makes proclamation to all parties interested in the case to appear before her; Justice detains him for a moment, to desire he will instruct her who it was

[1] Acts xviii. 18, 19.

she beheld approaching, with horns on his head, hairy legs, and a pastoral pipe in his hand. Mercury hereupon relates the history of Pan; and, pointing *to the cave* where he dwelt, tells her that as he had probably seen them from so short a distance, he was coming to pay them his personal compliments. The cavern alluded to is an excavation in the rock, on the western side of the Acropolis; and, though extremely simple in its form and decorations, might have been no inappropriate residence for a Silvan deity.

The *Pnyx* was one of the places in which the assemblies of the people were held, to discuss those questions which affected the general interests. Etymologists derive the term διὰ το πεπυκνωσθαι; in allusion either to the crowded position of the seats, or to the throngs which usually pressed to these meetings. Between the hill Lycabettus and the Acropolis there is a ravine, which was anciently known by a term descriptive of its natural situation[1]. Having traversed this pass, so as to arrive nearly opposite the rock of the Areopagus, I observed a semicircular area of some extent, hewn

[1] *The Hollow.*

with great labour from the cliffs. This was the Pnyx; and here is the stage from which Demosthenes and other demagogues addressed the Athenian citizens. The orator stood on an elevation in the centre, sufficiently raised to bring him within the view of the multitude, but purposely contrived to shut out a sight of the Piræus. The ground in front slopes towards the town, but appears to have been artificially raised for the accommodation of the audience. The earth piled up for this purpose is supported by a curvilinear wall, composed of enormous masses of stone regularly cut and fitted into each other. Some of the largest blocks are twenty feet by twelve in magnitude.

Without attempting to particularize every object calculated to arrest and detain the attention in these memorable enclosures, I believe I have not omitted any of those which are usually considered the most interesting. Indeed the same objects contemplated at different seasons of the year, or even at different periods of the day, will appear in an altered form or clothed with a new dress, and present, alternately, fresh claims to admiration; and I have frequently retired at

the approach of evening to the most commanding station on the Acropolis, to enjoy the beauties of the surrounding scenery at an hour when every feature had lost its glare, and when the mountain shadows were thrown out in all their bold varieties.

While reclining on this eminence, I have gazed too,—with almost as much gratification as a Moslem himself could feel,—on the airy evolutions of the storks, as they towered aloft in wide and rapid circles, till they had attained their highest point of elevation;—then gently gliding, by a graceful adjustment of their pennons, they sailed in a direct line to some remote projection, as to a well-known mark or beacon. That a fowl so singularly formed, and of such bulky proportions, should be capable of sustaining a flight of so lofty and extensive a range, may naturally create *surprise* in any one, not very profoundly skilled in ornithology: perhaps I may excite a similar feeling in you by the confession, that there have been moments, when, from contemplating their easy tranquil passage through the air, I have been led to reflect on the practicability of aërostation, and

have felt something like a desire to attempt an aërial excursion[1]!

A naval officer lately arrived,—a great chasseur,—ignorant of the veneration in which storks are held, levelled his piece at one of them as he expatiated in solitary grandeur, and with an unerring aim soon brought him to the earth. Fortunately he was unobserved by the inhabitants,—for the ibis was not more sacred with the ancient Egyptians, than a stork is with the modern Turks. Among many good properties possessed by them, they are supposed to contribute to the destruction of vipers, and other noxious reptiles that abound in southern climates; but there is also something of superstition mixed up with the reverence in which these birds are regarded—and their towering flight, as they wheel through the air and soar into the clouds, or descend in swift violence from the high places, constitutes no unimportant part of the pleasures of

[1] The writer—since the date of this letter—has, on more than one occasion, had an opportunity of gratifying the inclination alluded to;—and he thinks he may safely assert, that a *sail in the air*—(if the machine employed on such occasions is constructed with proper attention)—carries with it scarcely more hazard, than a pleasurable excursion by water or by land.

such as have few active enjoyments, and who number among their principal amusements those which are derived from the tranquillity of contemplation.

Athens had three ports, the Piræus, the Munychia, and the Phalerum. The two first are contiguous to each other, and connected by a wall;—the last-mentioned is considerably nearer the city, and is the most ancient of the three. It was from this harbour that Theseus is supposed to have embarked for Crete; and from the same point, a few years subsequently, Menestheus is conjectured to have set sail for Troy. Aristides had a small farm near this part of the coast, and here also was his sepulchre. It was here too that St. Paul noticed the altar erected Ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ.

Phalerum is supposed to derive its name from Phalerus, one of the companions of Jason, in his voyage to Colchis. The form is nearly circular, and the entrance extremely narrow. The basin appears very shallow, the clearness of the water rendering the bottom perfectly visible, which is covered with a fine, bright sand. Such a port, however unsuitable for ships of war as they are now constructed, might have been sufficiently capacious for the reception

of such description of vessels as were employed in the Trojan expedition, all of which, we are told, *were drawn up on the shore.*

The Munychia was a promontory near the Piræus, stretching out to the sea like a peninsula. This is a more extensive basin than Phalerum: its figure is oval, and the entrance confined. A temple dedicated to Diana near this point, by a citizen of the name of Munychus, is conjectured to have given it its title. But the chief harbour was THE PIRÆUS. The entrance to this is also narrow, and protected by two projections. There were here three docks, or stations for shipping; a circumstance which greatly outweighed the recommendations of Phalerum. The Athenians were easily persuaded, therefore, on the suggestion of Themistocles, to make this their principal port. The *Long Walls*, of which we have read so much, were designed by him to connect the Piræus with the city—a work which was afterwards completed by Pericles: they were subsequently destroyed, in consequence of a representation from the Lacedæmonians, and again restored by Conon;—till, on the invasion by Sylla, the Piræus, with all its marts,

theatres, porticos, and stately edifices, was irrecoverably demolished. The only buildings at present are those of recent date; the custom-house, a few miserable huts, and a monastery: two or three wretched fishing-boats are now the only vessels which float in the harbour! A marble figure of a lion was formerly placed on the shore at the extremity of the port, which, from that circumstance, has been called by the moderns Porto Leone. The image was transported to Venice by General Morosini, in the year 1686, and fixed before the gates of the arsenal, where I saw it last year.

Salamis is about two miles to the west of the Piræus. You recollect the emphatic tone and air with which Ajax alludes to this celebrated island as the scène of his nativity, and the place where he acquired his habits of hardihood and intrepidity[1].

Writers are not agreed as to the particular station occupied by Xerxes during the battle. Plutarch quotes two different authorities on the subject: one stating it to have been an elevation above the temple of Hercules, where the coast is separated

[1] ——————οὐδ' ἰμὶ δηθὰ γ' οὕτως
Ἕλκομαι ἐν Σαλαμῖνι γενεσθαι τε, τραφέμεν τε.
Il. vii. v. 198.

from the island by a narrow channel; and the other asserting that he was seated on the confines of Megara, upon that rise of the mountain which was called *the horns*. But this last position is so distant as to have rendered the movements of the battle indistinct. We may suppose, indeed, that messengers arrived almost every instant, with alternate tidings of success and defeat; but, if the monarch intended literally to survey the fluctuations of the conflict, he must necessarily have been stationed at some point nearer the scene of action.

Æschylus, in the tragedy of the *Persians*, declares that the fleet of Xerxes consisted of *one thousand ships*, of which two hundred and seven were remarkably well-manned and constructed. To judge of the nature of the combat, from the narrow strait in which the action took place, the combined forces of all the belligerents might have been easily demolished by three or four English frigates!

There are no vestiges of the trophy said to have been erected to the memory of Themistocles. Plutarch has transcribed a passage from Diodorus, in his treatise on Sepulchres, which describes it to have been placed near the haven, where the land juts

out like an elbow from the promontory of Alcimus. On doubling the cape, and arriving within smooth water, there is a broad foundation, adds that writer, on which a monument was raised resembling an altar. The biographer, however, questions the accuracy of this description, though he admits it to receive some confirmation from the verses ascribed to Plato, the comedian. The lines have no extraordinary merit: they express the propriety of fixing the tomb in a station where it might be contemplated by adventurers on the ocean and the land, whom it might inspire with admiration of that hero's character, and animate to an emulation of his prowess and virtues.

P. S. The annexed papers contain a version of one of Plato's shortest dialogues, conformably to the intention which I expressed in a former letter. If you venture on the perusal, let me entreat you to proceed to the task with a brow smoothed of every critical wrinkle; you will otherwise, I fear, think that the translator,—whose only object has been the employment of a few solitary hours,—has completely *lost both toil and oil*—et operam, et oleum!

Suffer me, however, to remind you, that in the *Academic* philosophy there is a certain way of questioning and doubting, which, as Lord Shaftesbury remarks, "*no-wise suits the genius of our age*:—men love to take party instantly—they cannot bear being kept in suspense: the examination torments them—they want to be rid of it upon the easiest terms.

"Of all philosophy, therefore, how absolutely the most disagreeable must that appear, which goes upon no established hypothesis, nor presents us with any flattering scheme; talks only of probabilities, suspense of judgment, inquiry, search, and caution not to be imposed on, or deceived! This is that *Academic Discipline* in which formerly the youth were trained: when not only horsemanship and military arts had their public places of exercise, but philosophy too had its wrestlers in repute. Reason and wit had their academy, and underwent this trial; not in a formal way, apart from the world, but openly among the better sort, and as an exercise of the genteeler kind. This the greatest men were not ashamed to practise,—in the intervals of public affairs,—in the highest stations and employ-

ments, and at the latest hour of their lives. Hence that way of DIALOGUE, and patience of debate and reasoning, of which we have scarce a resemblance left in any of our conversations, at this season of the world [1]."

But, however popular with the ancients, there are other reasons, besides those mentioned by the noble author, why this style of writing should long since have grown into disuse. A principle of taste, either more refined or more fastidious, rejects the cumbrous prefatory machinery necessary to introduce the several speakers, *rectè atque ordine*, on the stage, with all the tiresome interchange of compliment and ceremony;—added to which, the constantly-recurring necessity of employing the personal pronouns, however the inconvenience may be disguised by the garb of antiquity, involves an awkwardness, when presented in the language of daily use, which scarcely any address or dexterity can remove. There is, besides, nothing in modern habits to give the faintest colour of probability to any imagined *scene* of conversation, arranged on the ancient model. Indeed there is everything in the climate of

[1] Shaftesbury's Characteristics.

those countries, where modern literature has erected her temple, to throw an air, not only of discredit, but of absolute ridicule on such a scheme.

Few writers have drawn more largely, or more happily, from the perennial sources of antiquity, than the Earl of Shaftesbury; and none, perhaps, have known so skilfully to give to borrowed imagery the charm of original composition. Yet even this accomplished nobleman, with all that power of words with which he is so graced, maintains at present only a diminished portion of the ascendancy which he once held unrivalled in the reading world.

ERASTÆ,

A DIALOGUE ON PHILOSOPHY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO.

ὦ καλλίτεχνον σοφίαν
κλεινοτάτην ἐπασκῶν,
ὡς ἡδύ σου τοῖσι λόγοις
σῶφρον ἔπεστιν ἔνθος.

Aristoph. Nubes, 1024.

FRATRI ADAMATO

OPUSCULUM HOC,

PRISCÆ PHILOSOPHIÆ ORNAMENTO NITENS,

HUMANISSIME DEDICATUR:

INDUBITATIS AUSPICIIS SPECTATUM IRI,

NON

UT A TEMERITATE PETITA INTERPRETATIO,

SED

TANQUAM DEVOTUM, STUDIOSUMQUE TESTIMONIUM

OBSERVANTIÆ

AUGUSTA COMMENDATIONE

ANTIQUITATIS INSCRIPTUM.

AMMERDONIÆ IN NEMORE DOMESTICO:

PRIDIE CALENDAS DECEMBRIS

MDCCCXXVI.

INTRODUCTION.

An inquiry into the principles of philosophy, bearing the title of the The Lovers, must necessarily strike the English reader as a very extraordinary association of terms. The phrase will perhaps appear "*more germane to the matter*," by a short account of the institution from which it is derived.

In several of the states of Greece, more particularly those of Thebes and Sparta, the education of youth, after they had attained a certain age, was transferred from the discipline of the public schools to the particular superintendence of some individual, who, from the exclusive devotion of his time to the instruction of his pupil, and the affectionate interest he was supposed to feel in his advancement, was distinguished by the name of Lover. His office, in some respects, resembled what in modern language is termed a private tutor,—or perhaps it would

be more correctly defined by the united character of *tutor* and *guardian*. Some of the ancient critics contend for the title of Ἀντερασται,—THE RIVALS,—and the conduct of the dialogue would, to a certain extent, seem to justify its adoption. The translator, however, ventures to substitute the term *guardian*, as more expressive of the relative duties of preceptor and student[1].

The aim of the Treatise itself,—which may serve as an introduction to the other works of the great philosopher,—seems to have been to direct the attention of the reader to the legitimate claims of philosophy, when not distorted in its passage through narrow and perverted minds; and to prove that it has still some solid foundation in the nature and condition of man: in other words, to exhibit the great *practical* effects of true philosophy on life, on manners, and on policy. Hence, in the progress of the discussion, the arguments attributed to So-

[1] Gray, in his "Account of the Dialogues of Plato," characterises the Erastæ as "*excellent*,—but too short for such a subject."—He has noticed it by the double title, thus:—

ΕΡΑΣΤΑΙ, seu ΑΝΤΕΡΑΣΤΑΙ:
ΠΕΡΙ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΙΑΣ.

On another occasion he says—"The subject of the Erastæ is good: it treats of that peculiar character and turn of mind which belongs to a true philosopher, but it is shorter than one would wish."—*Letter to Dr. Warton.*

crates have for their object to show, that the really just and good man—he whose justice and goodness are founded on the principles of science—is alone entitled to the exalted character of philosopher. To effect this end, he first exhibits, with his usual felicity of detection, the shallow pretensions of those who were professors of universal knowledge; and then proceeds to question the superior claims asserted in behalf of the sciences, or any of the liberal arts; such being considered, in the discipline of THE ACADEMY, merely as the various avenues by which the temple of wisdom is approached. "The false species being thus rejected," says Mr. Sydney, "lastly is presented this wisdom in her genuine form,—as the knowledge of ourselves, the science of that divine principle in man, THE MIND,—the science of justice and goodness therein included,—and the science of government thence immediately derived."

The dialogues of Plato are usually distinguished by the name of the principal speaker. The following is an exception; it is indeed, more properly, the rehearsal of a conversation previously held, than an actual representation of the characters themselves. The narrative is given in the person of Socrates,

who enters abruptly upon the subject,—as if warm from the collision of recent argument, and animated with the air of conviction by which his reasoning had been closed.

ERASTÆ.

1. On a visit to the school of Dionysius the grammarian [1], I observed several young persons assembled there, whose air announced them to be of illustrious birth, and whose external appearance was eminently graceful;—they were attended by their respective guardians.

Two of the students were engaged in earnest debate;—though unable distinctly to ascertain the subject of their discussion, I imagined them to be contesting some point in the systems of Anaxagoras [2] or Ænopides [3],

[1] The Dionysius here mentioned is supposed to have instructed Plato in the first rudiments of science;—and a feeling of respect from the pupil towards his earliest preceptor, was the motive which induced him to name his school as the scene of the following dialogue.

[2] Anaxagoras was a native of Clazomenæ, a city of Ionia, on the coasts of the Ægean Sea. His favourite pursuit appears to have been the science of Astronomy.

[3] Ænopides was a native of Chios, and contemporary with Anaxagoras. He acquired a proficiency in geometry and astronomy, from his acquaintance with the Egyptian priests, during a residence in that country.

as they were occupied in drawing circles, and seemed, by their attitudes, as if earnestly attempting to describe certain of the celestial phenomena.

As I happened to sit near the guardian of one of these youthful disputants, I gave him a gentle movement with my elbow, to induce him to turn towards me, and then inquired what it was which so anxiously engrossed their attention:—adding, that it must, doubtless, be something unusually grand and attractive in its nature, to possess such extraordinary fascination. "Grand and attractive!" he exclaimed, in a tone of derision; "they are only muttering something about the heavens, and amuse themselves with philosophical trifling." Extremely astonished at this answer, "Do you, then," said I, "consider philosophy to be a discreditable profession, that you express yourself with so much asperity?" Here the rival guardian, who was not too far removed to lose any part of our conversation, interposed, by observing, that it was altogether useless to address any such question to a person of so unphilosophic a character. "Are you not aware, Socrates," said he, "that his only pursuits are those of a gladiator, and that, after submitting to the severities of the arena, he wastes the remainder of his time in sleep and

gluttony[1]?—What other answer, then, could you expect from one whose disposition is so harsh and untoward?"

Of these rival candidates for the friendship of their pupils, the last speaker appeared to be of a philosophic turn, devoting himself to the culture of the mind by the study of the arts and sciences[2]; while the other, whom

[1] If this is a correct description of the habits of the athletæ, we must suppose the ancients to have been very imperfectly acquainted with the principles of training. With us the system is, surely, far better understood. A temperate diet—*abstinence from sensual indulgences of all kinds*—exercise at regularly recurring intervals,—and occasional exhibitions of medicine,—are considered indispensable preparatives to any exertion which requires strength, activity, or courage. It is difficult to conceive how such qualities could be successfully displayed, where the candidates were allowed an unrestrained gratification of any gross or indolent propensity. The body exerts a dominion over the mind, in exact proportion to its own weakness; and never so implicitly submits to control, as when in possession of its greatest vigour. All the sensual passions reside in an *effeminate frame*, which they inflame and irritate the most acutely, when it is the least capable of administering to their gratification. Plutarch, in his life of Philopœmen, contrasts the luxurious practices of the wrestlers with the hardy pursuits of a military life.

[2] περὶ μουσικὴν, an expression equivalent to the whole circle of arts and sciences. Plato, in the second book of his Republic, contemplates the establishment of a system of education, divisible into two distinct branches: that which respects the healthy condition of the body, as derived from a well-regulated exertion of the limbs and development of the muscles, he terms γυμναστικὴ,—*the gymnastic division:* that which relates to the culture of the mind, is comprehended in the general term μουσικὴ.—(See *Phædo*, sect. 4.,)

he censured in such strong terms, seemed engaged exclusively in gymnastic exercises,—as having no object but to improve and invigorate the body. I decided, therefore, on quitting this last-mentioned person, as one not adapted to the conflict of argument, and resolved to apply entirely to his learned adversary; from whom, by a series of questions, I might hope eventually to extract some information. I observed, therefore, that I threw out the question generally to all who heard me; and added, "If you are more conversant with such inquiries, I address myself to you, equally with him, and demand what are your sentiments respecting philosophy; is it an honourable, or a dishonourable pursuit?" On hearing this declaration of my motives, the students instantly suspended their own controversy, as if anxious to await the progress of our discussion in respectful silence.

What impression such conduct made on the guardians I am unable to state; for myself, I was greatly charmed with it, as I am always very sensibly affected in the presence of youthful beauty. Indeed, the person to whom I had just proposed the question, appeared to be scarcely less struck with admiration; he, however, prepared to reply, with the eagerness of one who is ambitious of distinction. "Could I," said he, "be of

opinion that philosophy was a discreditable profession, I should consider myself to be undeserving the name of man; and I extend this censure to every individual who avows a distaste for philosophical pursuits." He designed this as an oblique allusion to his rival, and spoke in a tone sufficiently raised to be distinctly audible. "In your judgment, then," said I, "philosophy is an honourable profession?" "Honourable," said he, "in the highest degree."

2. I continued: "Is it possible for any one to judge with accuracy of the degree of credit or discredit attached to any pursuit, without understanding the nature, end, and aim of the pursuit itself?" "Certainly not," said he. "Are you, then," said I, "sufficiently acquainted with the object of philosophical knowledge?" "Perfectly," he replied. "In what does it consist?" "May it not," said he, "be defined by the declaration attributed to Solon?—*as I advance in life, I go on enlarging the acquisitions of science*[1]. I

[1] Γηράσκω δ' αἰεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος.

The sentiment in the verse attributed to Solon is cited with much commendation by Cicero, in his dialogue de Senectute. It is surely to be reckoned amongst the most consoling reflections of advanced age, that the mind,—*if duly disciplined in early life, and unenervated by any subsequent corporeal excesses*,—may preserve its

am of opinion, therefore, that, whoever is desirous of becoming a philosopher, should be constantly aiming to add to his attainments, not only in the dawn of youth, but in mature and declining age; with the view to procure, during the whole course of his existence, the greatest possible amount of information." This sentiment struck me, at first, as deserving some attention; yet, after a few minutes spent in reflection, I inquired if he considered the term philosophy to imply the possession of extensive and various erudition? He answered in the affirmative. "Is it," I continued, "merely a showy excellence, or has it also something of genuine and intrinsic worth?"—"It is," he replied, "in the highest degree at once both beautiful and good." "Is this an exclusive attribute of philosophy, or may other pursuits be characterised by the same extent of combined perfection? Will this description apply, for instance, to the gymnastic exercises? May they also be represented as at once both beautiful and excellent?" He answered in a tone of raillery—"As far as regards this person," looking towards the rival guardian—"their effect is altogether negative; but as

elasticity to the last, and spring forth from the recesses of its dark "prison-house," with all its native strength and freshness, and in all its moral beauty.

applicable to Socrates, they present the united recommendations of utility and ornament. " Do you," said I, " consider a love of the gymnastic exercises to comprehend the practice of severe and continued exertion ?"—" Certainly," said he, " just as I conceive the pursuit of philosophy to imply a devotion to the attainment of varied and extensive learning."—" Do you imagine too, that those who are addicted to such excesses pay attention to any other considerations than those which may assist to train and invigorate the body ?"—" That," said he, " is their only object." —" Is such object produced by vehement and frequent exertion ?"—" How," said he, " can any one acquire a hardy habit, by slight or gentle exercises ?"

This appeared to be the proper moment for applying again to the person to whom I had first addressed myself, as he might assist me to conduct the argument by his experience in the gymnastic contests. Turning, therefore, towards him, I exclaimed—" How can you, after such a declaration from your adversary, persist in preserving silence ? Are you also of opinion that the human frame is strengthened rather by severe than moderate exertions ?"—" I think, Socrates," said he, " I can perceive, at this instant, the justice of the popular observation,—that moderation in exercise is prin-

cipally conducive to health."—"What," said I, "has produced this present conviction?"—"Look at that man," he cried, pointing to his rival, the studious guardian; "observe his famished, sleepless, care-worn, shrivelled countenance!" The young men laughed heartily at this description; the guardian deeply coloured. Addressing myself then again to him, I inquired, "Do you assent to the statement, that a vigorous habit of body is produced neither by unremitting toil, nor by a total absence of fatigue, but by moderate and well regulated exertions,—or are you willing to contest this point with each of us?"—"As far as regards that person," said he, "I shall feel no reluctance whatever in combating the question; for I consider myself fully competent to maintain a much weaker position than what I have just asserted, against such an opponent—for since he is very otherwise than strong in argument,—but with Socrates, as my adversary, it would be hopeless to support any paradoxical statement; and I am therefore ready to admit, that the health and strength of the body are produced by regular and temperate exertion, and not by intensity of labour."—"What are your sentiments respecting the quantity of food? is it requisite to be profuse in diet, or is a moderate portion sufficient?" The same observation, he said, applied

equally to the subject of food. In like manner, I brought him to avow a similar opinion with respect to all considerations relating to the body,—that extremes of either kind were prejudicial, but that a well-regulated medium was productive of the greatest benefit. "But, with regard to the mind," said I, "should its energies be awakened by temperate or excessive applications?"—"By the former," he replied. "Do not the sciences constitute part of the culture which is bestowed on the mind?"—"Certainly."—"Of these a well-digested proportion, and not an indefinite quantity, is what contributes to its power and advancement?" He assented to this opinion.

3. "To whom should we address ourselves for information,—in regard to the body,—respecting the degree of labour, or quantity of food, which may properly be considered moderate?" We all three agreed that either a physician, or the officer appointed to superintend the exercises of the athletæ, should be severally applied to. "To whom should we direct our inquiries respecting any of the operations of agriculture?" On such subjects we were equally unanimous, that a husbandman was the fittest person to be consulted. But, with regard to the discipline of the *mind*, and the measure or degree of culture which might be considered as

not exceeding the bounds of moderation,—on this point we were all involved in doubt and perplexity.

Assuming, therefore, an air of gaiety, "Since this question," said I, "has so much embarrassed us, what if we apply for a solution to the young men here?—though perhaps we may blush to receive any assistance from them, subdued by the same kind of feeling which Homer ascribes to Penelope's suitors, who thought none more capable than themselves of directing the bow of Ulysses[1]. Perceiving, however, that they were rather dejected by this observation, and seemed inclined to despair of arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, I altered my tone, and inquired what particular branches of learning were the proper objects of philosophical attainment, if neither the whole circle of the sciences, nor even an extended variety, were to be considered essential." Here the studious disputant replied, by stating, that those pursuits were the most excellent and the best adapted to the mind, which led to the highest philosophical eminence—that this object would be attained by him who had acquired a competent skill in all the various arts, or who at least had cultivated an acquaintance with those which are usually deemed of the greatest value;—such as are becoming a person of liberal birth,

[1] *Odyss.* xxi. v. 285. et seq.

and which have reference rather to the powers of the understanding than to the labour of the hands, or any mechanical occupation—"as in the case, for instance," said I, "of a smith or labouring builder[1]? Workmen of this description may be procured for five or six minæ, but an architect could scarcely be engaged for ten thousand drachmæ[2]; since there are very few of that profession to be found in Greece. Do I sufficiently understand the scope of your allusion?" He allowed that I had correctly illustrated his observation.

4. I then proceeded to inquire, if it were not impossible,—in this view of the subject,—for the same individual to arrive at perfection in only two of the arts, much less of a great variety, especially in those which are of distinguished excellence. "Do not," said he, "Socrates, misconceive me as stating it to be necessary for a philosopher to attain the same point of accuracy in each branch of science, as the person who makes it his peculiar profession, but merely that degree of information which is becoming a man of birth and education; and which, at the same time that it enables him to per-

[1] A slave skilled in carpenter's work; or, in the affected jargon of the day, an "*operative*" joiner.

[2] A mina is equal to 3*l*. 4*s*. 7*d*. of our money: six minæ therefore amount, within 12*s*. 6*d*., to 20*l*. One hundre drachmæ made one mina; consequently ten thousand drachmæ = 322*l*. 18*s*. 4*d*.

ceive, with greater facility than any other, a dissertation from the master, artist, does also enable him, when occasion may require, judiciously to offer his own sentiments; so that, in every discussion respecting the arts, he may universally appear to be the most accomplished person present." Not satisfied, however, that I completely understood him, "Suffer me," said I, "to examine whether I have a correct perception of your ideas of a philosopher. You appear to me to represent him as bearing some analogy to the rank which a champion of the five exercises holds, when compared with the pedestrians and candidates for the prize in wrestling. These last surpass the former in their respective pursuits; who acquires, therefore,—as far as relates to *them*, in the peculiar objects of their contention,—only the second point of eminence; but obtains the superiority, in these two branches, over all those combatants who are exclusively devoted to some other of the Olympic contests[1]. A similar effect, as appears from your

[1] οἱ πενταθλοι—The five exercises were *running, leaping, hurling the discus, wrestling*, and *throwing the spear*. Each of these pursuits had their separate candidates; but such as aspired to excellence in all were distinguished by the name of πενταθλοι. The allusion in the text implies that a philosopher bears a resemblance to one of these general combatants; who, though alone and unrivalled in his proficiency in the whole number, yields the palm of superiority to the individual professors of each separate object of contention. Longinus, in his parallel between Demosthenes and

statement, is produced by the study of philosophy, in those who devote themselves to its pursuit; since you admit that they are exceeded in each separate act by its peculiar professor, and claim for them only that degree of excellence which is next to the supreme: an admission, which must inevitably assign to the philosopher, in every avocation or business of life, a kind of secondary character, and below the standard of perfection."—"You have fully entered into my meaning," said he, "by the allusion to the general combatants in the Olympic games. A philosopher is, evidently, far from paying that servile and implicit devotion to any one particular object,

Hyperides, adopts this image to express the several minor graces of the latter, as contrasted with the towering genius of the former. —(Sect. xxxiv.)

Hyperides was Plato's pupil—Plutarch has recorded his successful defence of the famous courtezan Phryne, whose form was so superiorly beautiful, that it became a model for all the statues of Venus. Pre-eminence in any qualification, whether natural or acquired, will attract other feelings besides those of admiration.—An accusation was preferred against the frail fair in the courts of Athens, and her lover appeared as her advocate. His defence resembled the object of its inspiration, and was distinguished by beauty and passion. But—

Segnius irritant animos dimissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus—

the judges preserved their phlegmatic coldness; till at length the orator, gracefully lifting up the veil which concealed the galaxy of her bosom, the sternness of magistracy relented, and the lovely culprit was discharged!

which would preclude his attention to all others,—like the crowd of vulgar artists,—but extends and elevates his views so as to acquire a competent proficiency in each distinct branch of science."

5. This reply increasing my desire to comprehend with greater clearness the scope of his observations, I inquired if he considered good men,—in any of the walks of life—to be useful or otherwise? He answered that they were undoubtedly useful. "Since, therefore, good men are of service to their species, the contrary may be described as useless." He admitted the propriety of the inference. "Are philosophers to be classed in the number of those who are considered useful?" He regarded them as deserving the highest rank in such class. "Let us examine the accuracy of that opinion. "What important service can those secondary characters effect? It is evident, from a former concession, that they are excelled by every artist in his own peculiar avocation." He allowed it.

"If either yourself or any friend, for whose welfare you felt a more than ordinary anxiety, should be oppressed by sickness, would you consult a philosopher on the means of subduing the disorder, or apply to a physician?" He replied that he should address his in-

quiries to both. "That," said I, "is no answer to my question; declare to which you would give the preference."—"No one," said he, "could hesitate in making the first application to a physician."—"If you were overtaken by a storm at sea, to whom would you intrust the safety of the vessel, to a philosopher, or to the pilot?"—"To the pilot."—"May it not, in a similar manner, be shown, that on all other occurrences, where men of practical knowledge and experience may be found, a philosopher, merely as such, is of no kind of service whatever?"—"It appears so," said he. "Is not then a philosopher a perfectly useless character? for persons of the description above alluded to, are always to be met with. But we have agreed that good men are to be considered serviceable, and that the ill are useless." He could not but allow that such had been our decision.

6. "May I then proceed with my questions, or will it appear irksome to pursue the inquiry further?"—"Propose any question you please," said he.—"I am only desirous," I replied, "to recapitulate what has already been conceded. We have admitted philosophy to be an honourable pursuit, and have professed ourselves to be philosophers. We have decided, too, that

philosophers should, in their vocation, be estimated to be good as well as honourable,—that the good in every vocation are to be considered serviceable, and that the evil are useless. It has been admitted also, that the merits of a philosopher disappear before the practical qualifications of an artificer; and that practisers of the several arts, and professors of the different sciences, may be found in every quarter. Are not such our admissions?" He signified his assent. "It follows, then, from your own concession,—since philosophy has been described as a devotion to the arts and scientific attainments,—that philosophers must be destitute both of goodness and utility, wherever the arts are exercised by the sons of men."

"Such, however, my friend, may not be a correct definition of philosophy:—what, if it consists not either in a curious attention to the arts,—in a multitude of experiments,—or in a toilsome application to the varieties of science,—but in something far different; for I imagined that all those who engaged in such pursuits were usually described by some term of reproach,—derived from their peculiar employment, or mechanical occupation.

7, "We shall, perhaps, be enabled to decide more

justly respecting the accuracy of this opinion, if you attend to the following questions. Who are the most scientific in the management of horses? Such whose judicious correction brings them to the highest state of improvement, or they who produce a contrary effect?"—"They who produce the greatest excellence."—"Are not such also the most skilful in training dogs, who know how to inflict a proper chastisement on those which are vicious?"—"Certainly[1]!"—"The same art,

[1] The passions and animal affections of human nature are here characterised, a favourite practice with Plato, under the names of certain of the brute creation. The horse may, perhaps, be considered as the representative of those feelings, which are inseparable from a love of renown, or are under the influence of a generous ambition. The dog, "sudden and quick in quarrel," is no unapt emblem of jealousy and anger; and the ox may serve to denote those sensual infirmities, which grow from inertness and indolence.

"If our passions," says Mr. Sydney, "are wild and irregular,—if our horse would throw his rider,—if the dog barks at him,—if the ox knows not his owner,—they are to be chastised; but this office cannot be performed unless it be shown what is *moderate* and regular in our passions, and what are the boundaries of good and evil. The making this distinction is the *inward operation of knowledge* in the mind: the application of it to practice in the discharge of such office, is an exertion of the mind's power over the inferior man. The former is the theory of morals; the latter practical virtue."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Sydney's avocations did not allow him to give a more extended translation of the works of Plato. The few dialogues distinguished by his pen are now incorporated

then, which produces perfection, does also best apportion the degree of punishment."—" I allow it," said he. " Does the same skill too, which by due chastisement elicits improvement, discern also the different shades of merit, and accurately distinguish between the useful and the vicious? or are any additional powers of perception requisite?"—" The same," said he, " are sufficient for the purpose."—" Will this rule," said I, " apply equally to the condition of human nature? and are you prepared to admit, that the same art which attempers a just degree of punishment, does also the most ably instruct mankind, and distinguish the good from among the bad of the species?"—" It does," said he. —" May this knowledge which applies to one be extended to many, and has that which applies to many, the same efficacy if directed to one?"—" I conceive so."—" The remarks, therefore, which have been made as applicable to the case of horses, are equally adapted to the consideration of other subjects?"—" I imagine so."

" What science is that by which, in states and

in five massy quarto volumes, the cost and bulk of which conspire to obstruct their circulation. Had it been possible to procure any of that gentleman's performances separately, the author of the present version would scarcely have ventured to submit his attempt to the public.

cities, the profligate and lawless are restrained and punished? is it not jurisprudence?"—"Certainly."—"But is not this only another name for justice?"—"True."—"The same art which imposes a just and efficient correction, does also distinguish between the good and the vicious?"—"The same."—"May whoever truly understands the character of an individual, discover, by the same science, the dispositions of many?"—"Surely."—"Is the converse of this statement correct?"—"I think so. Whoever, through the want of this penetration, has not the art to acquire a knowledge of many, will be incapable of arriving at a knowledge of one."—"If a horse were ignorant of the good and bad in his own species, must he also be necessarily unacquainted with his own peculiar qualities?"—"I conceive so."—"The same consequence may be extended to the case of oxen and dogs?" He assented. "Is not, then, the individual, who is incapable of appreciating the general character of mankind, necessarily incompetent to form a correct idea of his own peculiar disposition?" He expressed his acquiescence in this sentiment[1]. Is the

[1] "To know a man well, were to know himself."

Hamlet, act v.

"No man," says Dr. Johnson, in his commentary on this passage, "can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is the utmost extent of human wisdom."

want of self-knowledge a mark of sound, or of unsound judgment?"—"Of the latter."—"Self-knowledge, then, is wisdom?"—"It is so."—"And this, it would appear, is the object of the inscription at Delphi—*to induce mankind to cultivate the paths of* WISDOM *and of* JUSTICE.[1]"—"Such is my opinion."—"It is by the same science that we acquire the art of duly administering correction?"—"Certainly."—"Justice, then, informs us how to apportion the measure of punishment, and wisdom instructs us in the knowledge of ourselves and others."—"I conceive so," said he. "Wisdom and justice, then, are one and the same."—"It appears so," he replied.

8. "The administration of those states is founded on just principles, when the vicious are brought to condign punishment" "You speak correctly," said he. "The art by which this is effected is the science of politics?[2]" He assented. "When the governing power of a state

[1] τὸ ἐν Δελφοῖς γράμμα: νωθι σεαυτον.

These emphatic words, descriptive of the end and aim of all human wisdom, have been attributed to different individuals in that band of sages, who were distinguished in Greece by the lofty title of THE SEVEN WISE MEN.

[2] The term *politicians* is not to be understood in the sense to which it is degraded by the modern acceptation of the phrase; as used by Plato, it includes the ruling powers, under whatever form, who were, either for life, or a term of years, invested with the supreme authority.

resides in a single person, and he dispenses his authority with justice and wisdom, is he not termed a sovereign and a prince?[1]" "Such are his titles." —"The art, therefore, by which he rules is sovereign and princely?"—"It is."—"This, too, is the same with the arts already mentioned?"—"It appears so." —"By what name is the person described, who governs his household judiciously? Is he not denominated an economist and master of a family?[2]"—"He is."—

[1] The expressions in the original are βασιλικὸς and τυραννος; the last of which, as opposed to the former, may be interpreted an arbitrary monarch, or despot,—but not, in the modern phrase, a tyrant,—since the author associates with such title the possession of wisdom, and the exercise of justice.

[2] The government of a family, as derived from the science of economics, may be described as partaking both of the kingly and despotic properties. As far as the paternal authority is exercised, the milder attributes of sovereignty are discernible; the power which governs by compulsion, as a master rules his slaves, must necessarily be despotic.

"A specimen of a government which is near to each of us, and which was certainly the first form of a commonweal, if not the pattern for the rest, the government of a family, may contribute to vindicate our assumption still more. In this instance, if it be true, as doubtless it is, that the obedience of the child hangs on the express precept only, which enjoins it, we distinctly see a *consecrated power*. One part of the strength of the house, which is the parents', and which is chiefly, though not entirely, personal, is, by God's ordinance, divided from the other strength of the house, which is the child's, and is by that ordinance seated in the chair of dignity and rule. The parents' strength thus sanctified, how pleasant is the

"Does he accomplish his object by pursuing the dictates of justice, or by adopting the suggestions of some other impulse?"—"By justice only."—"It appears, then, that a prince, a sovereign, an economist, or master of a family, a wise and a just man, are essentially the same; and that the kingly, sovereign, political, and economical sciences are only equivalent terms for justice and for wisdom."—"It certainly appears so."

9. "What then? Shall we say it is disgraceful for a philosopher to be incapable of accompanying either the dissertation of a physician respecting diseases, or the statement of an artisan relative to his profession; and shall it be considered no reproach to listen in ignorance to the observations of a magistrate or king, or to those of any of the other characters just enumerated?"—"How, Socrates," said he, "can it be otherwise than disgraceful, to be totally uninformed on subjects of such high importance?"—"Shall we then describe a philosopher as bearing, in reference to these subjects, a resemblance to one of the general combatants in the Olympic games, attaining only a secondary rank, and

call of morn to go forth to labour! how eager is his embrace to screen from injury or soothe to peace! how awful are his arm and frown to chastise transgression, or enforce instruction!"

RAMSDEN.

being, consequently, destitute of utility in the presence of the principals? or shall we not rather assert, that a philosopher ought to intrust his concerns to the guidance of no other person;—but, assuming the management in his own hands, become himself the impartial governor and judge; dispensing the power of punishment according to the dictates of equity, and thus securing, by his own exertion, order and good government in his household?" With this sentiment he signified his concurrence. "Again; if his friends should apply to him as an arbitrator, or were the state to commit to his decision the adjudication of some controverted point, would it not be disgraceful to act only in a subordinate character, instead of assuming a commanding attitude?"—"I should conceive so."—"PHILOSOPHY, then, my friend, is surely something far higher than a mere passion for learning,—than the restless pursuit of universal knowledge, or an intense application to the circle of the arts and sciences!"

When I had thus expressed myself the votary of literature appeared abashed, and preserved silence; but his illiterate rival confidently asserted that the inference was legitimate and consequential;—an opinion in which the rest of the audience signified their acquiescence.

END OF THE ERASTÆ.

LETTER XXII.

Athens.

We rode yesterday to Marathon, distant from hence about twelve miles; but the route is partly over the mountains, and occasionally difficult. As we descended towards the plain we diverged about a quarter of a mile to the left, in order to explore a cavern, which Pausanias has hinted would repay the trouble of examination. As far as my observation went, it does not materially differ from other subterranean excavations, except that it has two entrances contiguous to each other. Each of these is low and narrow, but they conduct to a chamber sufficiently lofty to admit of one's standing upright. Here, however, there is scarcely any thing observable, besides the usual incrustations from dripping water; there are certainly no inscriptions or relics of any kind, that I could discover. The superstition of the ancient inhabitants of the district dedicated this vault to the god Pan, who was be-

lieved to have rendered most essential service during the heat of the action, by striking the Medes with the same kind of terror as that which arrested the Gauls, when they made an irruption under Brennus, and were on the point of plundering Delphi.

A river winds through the valley, at the bottom of the hill; the water is clear and the channel rather wide, but generally shallow. The scene of the battle is a long plain, bounded on the east by the sea, on the south by a range of mountains, and by a broken chain of hills on the north. The Athenians and Platæans were encamped against the mountains on the south; a position as favourable as can be well imagined;—but, notwithstanding every advantage of situation, it is still extremely difficult to comprehend how eleven thousand men should be able, with the loss of little more than two hundred, to defeat an army above ten times as numerous. That the Greeks were victorious is indisputable; but the *Persian* narrative, if any such existed of the battle, would probably give a very different account of the relative numbers engaged. A monument erected to the memory of Miltiades was placed nearly in the centre of the field: it is

now almost entirely destroyed. The mound near it is conjectured to have been a tumulus, thrown over the Platæans. A short time since, an opening was made in it, but, as I understand from Signor Lusieri, nothing had been discovered except a few arrows, and some other Persian weapons. The Athenians who fell in the action were buried in a small island near the beach.

The soil is light, and easily cultivated, but subjected to extremely bad tillage. Mutilated fragments of statues are constantly turned up by the plough in various parts: one of these was offered me by the peasants, but the subject was ungracious, and the execution did not appear to be such as made it an object worth preservation. We slept at a village near the spot where the combined forces of Athens and Platæa were encamped, and were pleasantly lodged in a very spacious room, which looked against the defiles of the mountain [1].

[1] In various parts of our ride we were alternately serenaded by the "ear-piercing" notes of the cicada, and the hoarser, but equally violent, descants of the frog. The writer has alluded in a former letter to a passage in the Βάτραχοι, as conveying, to modern ears, an imperfect specimen of guttural

The next morning we set out for the monastery of Pentelicus, situated near the quarry from whence materials were drawn for the sculptor and architect, and to which Athens is indebted for its most splendid edifices[1]. Here we breakfasted, and were received with much courtesy by the monks. Their establishment is one of the most considerable in Greece, and the fraternity are, I believe, in sufficiently affluent circumstances. The building is capacious and well planned,—many of the apart-

mimicry. Rousseau, in one of his lighter productions, has something like the following lines:—

Des grenouilles aquatiques
Qui du fond d'un petit thorax
Vont chantant pour toute musique,
Breké—ké—koax—koax—

And Voltaire has described him, as presenting his votive offerings in the vestibule of the Temple of Taste, while chanting this elaborate stanza. His voice, however, frightened—as well it might—the goddess of criticism, and she shut the door against him.

The intonations of Aristophanes,

Βρεκεκεκέξ, κοαξ, κοαξ,

are softened by modern pronunciation into

Βρέ κέ, κέ, κέ, κοα, κοα,——

or, in English characters, thus:

Vréké—ké—ké, koa, koa; the two last words being sounded not very unlike the French *quoi*.

[1] The excavation is at present called Mendeli.

ments appear judiciously distributed; but as to the library, if any room of that kind exists, it is not, I believe, at all times easily accessible; and with respect to *manuscripts*, it is frequently worse than useless to make inquiry for *such* relics.

The marble rocks are about half a mile distant, towards the summit of a mountain. The blocks which constructed the public buildings at Athens appear to have been taken in vast masses from the upper quarry, which is open, and cut smoothly down in a perpendicular direction, from a height of more than sixty feet. A little to the right of this there is a vast cavern, of which the roof spreads out to a very wide expanse, pendant with a variety of very singular petrifactions. At the extremity of the cave a narrow and steep passage leads down a very considerable depth to a spring of water, said to be, in a peculiar degree, cool and refreshing. The descent is in some points very precipitous, and the access difficult and irksome, even to a light, pliable figure. In attempting to explore the recesses, the stoutest of the party, who had diverged a little from his companions, suddenly uttered a faint exclamation, and vanished through one of the

fissures. We were more startled by the tone than by the disappearance of our friend, whose self-possession we felt assured would enable him to assume the *pleonastical* properties of the crew, described in the version of the Odyssey,—

"Who stuck, adhesive, and suspended hung!"

We succeeded at length in rescuing him from his perilous position, and were rewarded by copious draughts from a spring, which even a Nazarite might have viewed with rapture.

On our return here we attempted to make some arrangements for an excursion to Corinth; and I look forward with unusual pleasure to an opportunity of pacing the *Isthmian course*,—of exploring the palace of Acrisius,—the brazen chamber of Danaë,—and the treasury of Atreus.—M. Gropius has most obligingly assisted us by a letter to an acquaintance of his, high in authority in that district. In the mean time, if you feel impatient on any of these points, I refer you to the journals of certain ancient illuminati;—and Sir William Gell, who seems to have travelled through the Morea with a stop-watch in his hand, will detail *their relative distances* with the most *minute precision*.

LETTER XXIII.

Athens.

A REPORT has reached us of the plague having broken out in Negropont, about thirty miles distant from hence. Some precautionary measures are taken to prevent the introduction of the infection; and all the gates of the city, except one, are rigorously closed.

This morning I had a visit from Signor Lusieri, whose accomplishments as an artist, independently of his long residence on the spot, qualify him, in a peculiar degree, to point out many interesting objects of research. I understood from him that Lord Elgin's first intention was to take plaster-casts of all the originals, which have subsequently been removed at his expense. For this purpose he directed Mr. Hamilton to procure a competent artist from Italy, and was only induced to change his determination on hearing that some French agents were negociating to strip the

Acropolis of all its ornaments; and that they had even conceived the extravagant idea of *transporting the* TEMPLE OF THESEUS *to Paris!*

I mentioned Dr. Clarke's account of the Disdar's emotion when the last of the metopes was removed from the Parthenon, and his supplicating exclamation—"Τέλος!" Lusieri put a very different construction on his conduct from what has been recorded by Lord Byron[1], on the testimony of Dr. Clarke. He assured me that this worthy personage, of whose patriotism the noble poet had made such honourable mention, in defiance of all firmans and official mandates, absolutely refused his permission to have any piece of sculpture taken down, *before he had received the sum* at which he chose to estimate its value. When, therefore, he had been paid his *last exaction*, the melancholy tone of regret, and its accompanying tear, are to be ascribed, not so much to any commiseration for the ravages committed on the arts, as to the exhausted source of his own peculation!

In the evening I went to examine the public baths, which I was desirous of using medicinally.

[1] Notes to Childe Harold, Canto II. Stanza xii.

They are clean and neatly kept, but the heat is so intense, that I was obliged to quit the apartment very hastily. I was influenced in some measure by the presence of the attendants, who are always in waiting on these occasions; feeling an almost invincible repugnance to have any spectators while enjoying the luxuries of immersion. Those who are less fastidious, speak of the process of bathing as in the highest degree pleasant and salutary. After passing through successive degrees of warmth, sufficient to excite a most profuse and copious perspiration, the whole person is rubbed with coarse cloths and flannels, and the several joints exercised so as to acquire an unusual degree of pliancy. The operation, though at first rather painful, is soon succeeded by a very agreeable sensation, and a tone and elasticity given to the system which is felt for several days.

The coffee-houses are on the same imperfect plan here as in every other part of Greece, where coffee is the only article which can be procured: it is, however, of a very superior quality. Provisions of all kinds are sufficiently reasonable, but, with some few exceptions, not of a particularly

good description. The bread is generally bad, and the wine poor and ill-flavoured. Cheese and butter are unknown here; but the honey is the most delicious I ever tasted. The people are generally very abstemious: "*Dies noctesque bibite*, PERGRÆCAMINI[1]," are expressions little applicable to the existing generation; and though to be "*as merry as a Greek*" might be very intelligible at Rome in the days of Plautus[2], it is but a poor joke at Athens, under the government of the chief of the black eunuchs.

A small library has been established in an agreeable quarter of the town, composed of the works of different European writers, as well as of many of the ancient Greek authors. Visitors have access to this collection, and are allowed to take any book they please, on leaving their names and address. The schools, which were instituted a few years since by some English gentlemen, have now scarcely a nominal existence. The governing authorities, though not avowedly inimical to such establishments, have sufficient address to prevent their ac-

[1] Plautus. Mostellaria, Act I. Sc. i.

[2] Plautus died about one hundred and eighty years before the birth of our Saviour.

quiring any formidable extension. It is difficult to imagine a stronger contrast than Athens, as administered by Pericles, and its present condition under the dominion of the Grand Signor, and his vicegerent, the Kislar Aga!

A fruitless effort to vindicate the liberties of Greece was made a few years since by Riga, who attempted to inflame the passions of the people, by an application of the moral means so successfully exerted by Tyrtæus. Many of the songs, circulated with this view, are written in the spirit of the Marseillois hymn: the first lines of the national air

Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων
Ὁ καιρὸς τῆς δόξης ἦλθεν,

are precisely those of

Allons, Enfans de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé—

But the modern Athenians have very little resemblance to the ancient Spartans: the fate of Riga is well known.

LETTER XXIV.

Athens, May, 1817.

The Romaic language,—of which I have occasionally treated you with some specimens,—is by no means of difficult attainment. I profess to have made some little progress; and were I to continue here about two months longer, I think I should be able to converse in it with at least as much fluency as in French. Yet what has been acquired without difficulty will, in all likelihood, be as readily lost; and in less than half a year I may possibly have forgotten the alphabet. To prevent, in some measure, the occurrence of such calamity, I have attempted to reinforce my own perceptions by the guidance of a *maître de langue;* and it so happens that I have the advantage of the assistance of the same individual, who occasionally attended for a similar purpose on Lord Byron[1]: he has

1 He noticed a trifling inaccuracy on the part of his noble pupil, in the translation of a scene of one of Goldoni's Comedies, as given in the Appendix to Childe Harold.

also some pretensions to an introduction to a most distinguished ornament of French literature; at least M. de Chateaubriand has made mention of an interview with him;—though in terms not very flattering to his amour propre. He referred me to the passage in M. de C.'s Itinéraire; and afterwards pointed out the commentary by his countryman, Dr. Avramiotti. It is as follows:—"Qui un cortese greco gli va all' incontro, il saluta in Italiano, gli accorda l'ospitalità, gli mostra dove era piantato il tempio di Cerere, gli fa vedere lo stretto di Salamina, gli addita il monte Egialo, che signoreggia lo stretto, e donde Serse contemplò la battaglia. Ma il greco non sa il nome di Serse; e porge occasione al Signor de Chateaubriand a dolersi amaramente che i greci d' oggidi abbian dimenticato e la lingua e la storia dei gloriosi loro antenati.

"Or si dee sapere, che questo Greco, amico del Signor Fauvel, si chiama Celebi Janco-Tatlicara.—Egli nacque in Radostò, e da Atanasio metropolita di Atene, di cui è nepote ed erede, ricevette un ottima educazione. Studiò a Napoli, dove apprese il latino e l' italiano, oltre il greco literale, che gli è, per

cosi dire, congenito. Publico professore in una delle scuole di Atene, gode meritamente la stima di tutti i viaggiatori delle varie nazione, e da essi vien consultato nei loro dubbj sugli autori classici[1]."

The Doctor pursues his observations in a tone of indignant patriotism:—" E prima che svillaneggiare indignamente una nazione, egli è necessario conoscere la di lei lingua, fermarsi nelle sui principali città. Quanti greci non insegnano, e non si distinguono nelle più illustri parti d' Europa! Le matematiche, la fisica, la medicina, l' istoria, la geografia, la poesia, la musica, son coltivate da essi felicemente; e tutto dì escono dalle stampe le opere loro, che mostrano come anche nella disgrazia vivi e fiorisca il lor genio.

" Maravigliatevi anzi quanto operì il Greco in mezzo alla più dura schiavitù,—e *pensate che mai farebbe egli se avesse eque leggi e quella libertà, ch' egli sa apprezzare*, e per la quale non teme rischi, ed affronta ogni più duro pericolo"——

The reader of the *Cenni Critici*, who examines

[1] *Alcuni Cenni Critici del dottore* GIAN DIONISIO AVRAMIOTTI, sul Viaggio in Grecia del Signor F. A. de CHATEAUBRIAND.—*Padova*, 1816.

this tributary effusion, after every allowance for the source from whence it proceeds, may perhaps recognize in regenerating Greece some of those principles, which require only the fostering direction of superior talent to produce some decisive effect. But in almost all semi-barbarous states,—and the inhabitants of modern Greece, if estimated *en masse*, can scarcely claim a higher distinction,—the people are subjected to the influence, indirect or immediate, of some crafty order of priesthood. The secular clergy, though sufficiently energetic in all doctrinal discussions, and possessing, probably to a very troublesome degree, that restlessness of temperament, which they mistake for zealous activity, are, with some few exceptions, utterly destitute of those higher qualities, which might enable them justly to estimate the causes of national prosperity, or national decline.

"Tanti exercitus," says Florus, "quanti Imperator!" When the natural leaders of a people are themselves but imperfectly informed on causes and effects, as relating to the wealth, the poverty, the greatness, the weakness, the happiness or unhappiness of nations,—should they succeed in in-

flaming the public mind to a height that would show itself in open insurrection, their measures having no intelligible object beyond that of resistance to oppression, and of providing for present immediate contingencies, LIBERTY, however fervently invoked by them, will, it may be feared, still continue the *unknown* goddess[1].

Mr. Hobhouse states, that there are scarcely any of the native Greeks who can trace their origin beyond the Turkish invasion. Were it possible for a traveller to persuade himself that the motley group, which he occasionally mingles with, are really descended from the heroes of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Platæa,—*αὐτοὶ Ἕλληνες, οὐ μιξοβαρβάροι*,—that they are the unsullied posterity of that bright array of warriors and of sages, whose names adorn the libraries of the civilized world;—could he by any stretch of imagination be satisfied that the modern possessors of the Acropolis have any greater affinity to its original occupants, than the present sovereign of Mount Aventine can esta-

[1] Since the commencement of the struggle, many of the clergy have exhibited in their own persons, instances of the most heroic devotion and intrepidity.

blish to the first of all the Cæsars, he would naturally anticipate with still increased anxiety the terrific scenes, of which this brilliant spot is, I fear, soon destined to become the theatre.

Much indeed may be expected from the exertions of a community, animated by the youth and freshness of independence; and the friends of justice will contemplate, with any feelings but those of despondence, the result of a struggle—in which the mercenary chiefs, who, "from motives of fear or interest," serve under the Ottoman standard, may be viewed in contrast "with the free-born warriors that start up to arms," at the voice of vengeance and of glory.

But an evil, inevitably fatal in its consequences, and dreaded by all parties whom I have had an opportunity of conversing with, seems destined to flow from the divided and vacillating councils, which distract the views of those, whose influence should direct the national sentiment; and which, in their reflective character, will eventually repress the buoyant animation of the people. There is such a variety of conflicting interests to conciliate, so many corrosive sources of jealousy to soothe, such unappre-

hending obstinacy to convince, and, in some cases so much corrupt selfishness and canting knavery,—*foreign* as well as domestic,—to combat, that the different representatives of these opposing claims, like iron and clay in the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image, though they may *cleave*, will never *incorporate*.

Thus beset by all kinds of embarrassment,—"malice, domestic treason, foreign levy,"—you must not be surprised, if hereafter you hear of the most pressing overtures being made to our government, for support or mediation. In the hour of distress and calamity every community looks instinctively to Great Britain, as to its tutelary and inspiring genius:—as to a recognised point, "of rallying to the combatants, and of shelter to the fallen." They well know, that however circumscribed in geographical limits, her power and resources are illimitable: they feel that from her have emanated all those high and rare endowments, which ennoble and dignify our common nature; and that, at the present moment, ENGLAND *is the* CENTRE *of the civilized world!*

Such, we may be permitted to hope, will ever remain her commanding attitude! if, in the revolu-

tion of ages, she shall cease to be the FIRST among nations, she will soon sink—to rank with the lowest[1]!

[1] Since the date of this letter, the flames of insurrection have burst out in almost every part of the Grecian dependencies; and though hitherto unattended with any decisive character, the patriotic army has, in some instances, given proof of a spirit which would not have been discreditable to the brightest era of Greece. Yet the future historian, if he measures out impartial justice, will have to record actions of vindictive cruelty perpetrated by each power, as success alternately inclined to either, sufficient to tarnish the most brilliant triumphs.

Some abatement of these barbarities appears to have distinguished the fall of Missolonghi; a place which will be long memorable, not merely for the gallant defence of the besieged, but as the scene of LORD BYRON's death! The name of this distinguished nobleman, enshrined in the imperishable records of his own poesy, is yet more hallowed by the self-devotion with which he enlisted in the cause of reviving freedom. Of the eventual success of the undertaking in which he embarked, the probabilities were, perhaps, not so apparent to many of his friends; and,—without attempting to detract from the lofty principles which govern the conduct of those who have identified themselves with the views of the patriots,—it is possible that, in some few instances, the incipient feeling may be traced to a degree of unappeasable restlessness, which is apt to grow upon a mind that has long exhausted all the ordinary sources of enjoyment, and which may require the animation consequent on an actual state of warfare, to satisfy the high tone of its excitement. The moral influence of Lord Byron's character, and the supposed extent of his pecuniary means, were insufficient to produce more than a temporary union among the competitors for power; and, if the magic of *his* name was without

efficacy, it were vain to hope for a beneficial result from *individual* interference exerted in any other quarter. The melancholy sufferings which preceded his decease, and which happily were of short duration, must be considered as among the severer penalties, which nature sometimes exacts from those on whom she has lavished her rarest bounties.

The writer has no intention to allude to the supposed motives of Lord B.'s retirement from England:—yet it was his fortune, while on a visit at * * * —, by some capricious fatality, or inexplicable blunder,—to wander "in the very witching hour of night," into the apartment of the fair Alecto, who is imagined to have been chiefly instrumental in embittering his lordship's domestic happiness. The shriek which this Lucretia discharged, at such an unusual intrusion, is now vibrating in his ears; and, rather than encounter it a second time, he would gladly flee to the wilds of Taygetus, or the caverns of Cithæron!

LETTER XXV.

Smyrna, June, 1817.

We quitted Athens on the 26th ult. and embarked from the Piræus in an open boat, which we hired for twenty dollars, to take us to the island of Tenos. A gentle breeze sprang up in our favour, and continued till near sunset, when it entirely died away: but, reviving a little in the course of the night, we found ourselves, by the dawn of the next morning, under the promontory of Sunium, a distance of fourteen leagues. On the highest point of the cape there are the ruins of a temple dedicated to Minerva, consisting of sixteen columns of the Doric order, and fluted, part of which are still in tolerably good preservation. Viewed from the sea their appearance is strikingly beautiful—but, on running up the cliffs to examine them more minutely, we found several had been sadly mutilated. The cornice is defaced by sundry nautical hieroglyphics, and the names of many of the crew of an English

frigate, which had anchored off this point, are imprinted in broad characters. The marble appears to have suffered considerably from the effects of the spray; its smooth polish is quite destroyed, and the surface at a little distance looks like Portland stone. The modern name of this promontory is Cape Colonna. "In all Attica," says Lord Byron, "if we except Athens, there is no spot more interesting than this. To the antiquary and the artist sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over '*isles that crown the Ægean deep*'—but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's shipwreck —Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell."

> "Here in the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
> The seaman's cry was heard along the deep!"

The Vicomte de Chateaubriand has thrown an air of romantic fascination round his visit to this spot, which may perhaps, for awhile, obliterate the recollection of Falconer and Campbell[1].

[1] Je m'enveloppai la tête dans mon manteau pour me

The coast is much infested by pirates, but we breakfasted on the beach without any interruption, and proceeded, with intervals of wind and calm, till about one o'clock, when Tenos became visible in the most distant point. Just at this period the travelling cap of one of the party was blown off into the water, and the master of the vessel instantly proposed putting about to regain it: this the proprietor of course opposed;—but, as he did not appear

garantir de la rosée, et, le dos appuyé contre une colonne, je restai seul éveillé à contempler le ciel et la mer.

Au plus beau coucher du soleil, avoit succédé la plus belle nuit. Le firmament, répété dans les vagues, avoit l'air de reposer au fond de la mer. L'étoile du soir, ma compagne assidue pendant mon voyage, étoit prête à disparoître sous l'horison; on ne l'appercevoit plus que par des longs rayons qu'elle laissoit de temps en temps descendre sur les flots, comme une lumière qui s'éteint. Par intervalles, des brises passagères troubloient dans la mer l'image du ciel, agitoient les constellations, et venoient expirer parmi les colonnes du temple avec un foible murmure.

Toutefois ce spectacle étoit triste, lorsque je venois à songer que je le contemplois du milieu des ruines. Autour de moi étoient des tombeaux, le silence, la destruction, la mort,— ou quelques matelots Grecs qui dormoient sans soucis et sans songes, sur les débris de la Grèce. J'allois quitter pour jamais cette terre sacrée: l'esprit rempli de sa grandeur passée et de son abaissement actuel, je me retraçois le tableau qui venoit d'affliger mes yeux.

Itinéraire—de Paris à Jerusalem, vol. i. p. 254.

to be very violently bent upon success, we turned back, and with the loss of little more than seven or eight minutes regained the treasure. Thus far all was well—but the manœuvre reduced us to the necessity of making another tack, in effecting which, the wind blowing pretty fresh, our mast cracked right through the centre, and the cordage shivered; so that our sail fell, and the bark began to roll in a very sickening attitude. We had nothing left but to make what way we could with our oars towards the island of *Zea*, which lay about two leagues off to the west. Here we put into a beautiful bay, and while our vessel was repairing, bathed in the basin beneath the rocks, and afterwards kindled a fire with the wild shrubs which grew among the interstices, and prepared some refreshment for ourselves and attendants. At five o'clock we again weighed anchor, but made so little progress in the night, that at daybreak we were under the isle of Syra. The inhabitants came down in clusters to the beach with very menacing expressions to prevent our landing, apprehensive of the plague, which raged with great violence on one of the neighbouring coasts. We stood out again therefore to sea, and a calm coming on

gave us full leisure to contemplate the splendour of the Cyclades, as they appeared ranged in a radiant circle around us. At night we were forced to put into a little creek near the extreme point of Tenos, where we made an infusion of tea, and had a very agreeable repast by moonlight on the sands. We rested till the dawn of the following morning, and reached the harbour of San Nicolao very early on Wednesday.

The town of Tenos is better built than most of the smaller cities which we have lately visited;—the houses are of more recent construction, and those near the beach present something of the improved style of Italian architecture;—the streets are, however, extremely narrow, and have all the inevitable evils of a confined circulation. The land immediately adjoining has been cultivated with much care and industry, but the soil seems to be very little productive. We were assured that the island contains not less than sixty-six small bourgs, or villages, inhabited by a population which is supposed to amount to thirty thousand: but, as there are not any authentic returns made, the statement is not much to be relied on. The principal town is called Pyr-

gos, some miles distant from hence: its extent is greater than the circuit of San Nicolas, but its commercial importance very inconsiderable.

Signor Scordialo, the British agent, was extremely attentive, and evinced a desire to procure us every accommodation: his own house not being sufficiently spacious, he made arrangements for our reception at the convent of the Recolletti. After a short survey of the city, we hired a boat to take us to Delos, distant about three hours from thence. The violence of the wind made the attempt impracticable the first day, but we renewed our efforts the next morning, and reached the Cradle of Diana and Apollo in the course of two hours and a half. There are two islands of this name, the greater and the less, separated from each other by a very narrow strait:—the celebrated temple of Apollo was erected on the least. Of this once splendid pile nothing now remains except a mass of ruins. Paros, situate nearly seven leagues to the south-west, furnished materials for the building; but the demolition has been so entire, that nothing is discoverable besides mutilated columns. M. Gropius, the Prussian resident at Athens, we heard had made some excava-

tions here a few years since, with partial success.—Among other relics he is said to have discovered the *Golden Serpent*, which was so important an instrument in the machinery of the altar.

Our guide pointed to the spot which conjecture has assigned for the *site* of the gymnasium. The position of the amphitheatre is less questionable:—this structure appears to have been on a scale sufficiently capacious to contain, without pressure, the whole population of the island. The foundations of the exterior walls are very perfect, and the elliptical form of the arena may be traced with perfect accuracy. Not very far removed from thence are the nominal ruins of the palace of the public officers; but, from the few vestiges which remain, no conception can be formed either of its figure or proportions.

Both the Greater and the Lesser Delos, of whose mercantile opulence Pausanias speaks in emphatic terms, are now neglected and desolate. The only inhabitants are a few fishermen and two or three hermits, who cultivate a miserably poor plot of ground, and attempt to raise some reluctant vegetables. The name, Delos, is not particularly ap-

plicable to the present condition of either of these islands, which do not appear to be more elevated than the neighbouring coasts, or in any respect more conspicuous in their features.

We quitted Tenos about nine at night, just as the moon had risen; our bark had two masts, and, as the wind was decidedly fair, we flattered ourselves with the prospect of reaching Chios, which is nearly three-fourths of the distance to Smyrna, in eight or ten hours. A calm, however, as usual, succeeded, and we did not arrive off that island before Saturday. The richness of its coast presented a very striking contrast to the barren shores we had lately skirted; and the classical tourist may be gratified in recognising in one of the places, which competed the honour of giving birth to Homer, a marked superiority in external recommendations.

We reached the Asiatic coast between seven and eight; here we put in for fresh water, in compliance with some superstitious movement on the part of the mariners—and in less than two hours afterwards we arrived in the harbour of this town.

LETTER XXVI.

Smyrna, June, 1817.

SMYRNA is, I believe, universally admitted to be one of the most opulent cities in the Levant, and the first commercial town in the Ottoman dominions: it has acquired this pre-eminence, certainly not by the genius of its native government, but by the skill and activity of European enterprise. Vessels from all quarters of the world rendezvous in the harbour, and make it the magazine of their merchandize. Among the chief commodities are cotton in bags, cotton yarn, thread made of goats' hair, drugs of different kinds, and almost every description of carpet. There is also a considerable trade in silk with Persia, the caravans from thence frequently bringing two hundred bales or more in the course of a year.

The population, which is said to consist of above two hundred thousand, appears to be at least one-

third European. This has naturally produced a relaxation in the haughty carriage of the natives, who are every year becoming more sensible of their own inferiority. The loftiness of their stature, the splendour of their dresses, and the commanding symmetry of their persons, give them, as far as the *eye* is concerned, a manifest superiority over the simple habits and negligent appearance of the Franks. But the want of exterior dignity in European costume is more than counterbalanced by its aptitude for all the exertions of active life;—while the gorgeous, but cumbrous, drapery of the Orientals, however calculated to embellish a fine figure, or to conceal deformity where nature has been unkind, not only impedes, but positively obstructs activity. It was a favourite idea with the late Sultan to introduce, into particular divisions of his army, the discipline and evolutions of European tactics; should this scheme be revived, to give it practical effect, the clothing of the privates must be completely remodelled: the fluttering ornaments and unwieldy folds, with which they are at present encumbered, would embarrass the flexible movement of the limbs, and inevitably arrest any

rapid transition of the musket. For state-purposes nothing is perhaps more imposing than the robe of the Asiatics; but nothing is more ludicrous when worn amid the occupations of daily industry.

The Turkish women are universally veiled in public; a linen mask almost completely covers the face, leaving only a small aperture for the eyes and the lower part of the forehead: their persons appear undistinguishingly *en bon point*, each individual being clad in a loose cloak, which conceals the shape as effectually as a domino. Whenever they appear in the streets they pass without the slightest molestation: no one ever dreams of showing them the most distant attention: to be seen speaking to a female would subject the party to a severe flogging, and any attempt at personal familiarity incurs a more rigorous penalty;—but an intrigue would infallibly subject the gallant, if he were not a Moslem, to the horrors of impaling,—and the female to suffocation[1].

Yet, with the exception of their treatment of

[1] The mode of execution is, in the highest degree, barbarous: the delinquent is bound in a sack, and in that state thrown into the sea.

the fair sex, the Turkish character, as developed in the conduct of individuals, has much to engage respect. They are generally humane and charitable, compassionate to any natural infirmity, and in a peculiar degree attentive and considerate where the reason is at all disordered. Added to this they are sober and abstinent in their diet; hospitable and friendly to strangers, and fair and upright in all pecuniary transactions. Where a Greek or Neapolitan would exact most unconscionably for interest, commission, difference of exchange, *&c. &c.*, a Turkish agent will give the full value of the bill, without descending to the practice of any of those arts of peculation. I derive this information from a medical gentleman, who has been long resident in the city, and whose professional habits have opened to him a less restrained intercourse than is usually permitted to foreigners.

There are many different sects of religion, which are all tolerated with equal liberality. The English have a protestant chapel, but I have not heard of any Roman Catholic establishment; though doubtless those zealous devotees,—who may exclaim, almost without a figure,

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!——

are here provided with some consecrated theatre, wherein to exhibit their exclusive passports to salvation.

Taverns and cassinos are to be found here as in many European towns, and are not very dissimilar in the amount of their charges. About a mile from the walls, on the summit of a lofty hill, there are the ruins of an old Venetian fortification: from thence the prospect is very noble. The view towards the sea comprises the neighbouring coasts and mountains; and the inland scenery is enriched by forests and pasture, so beautifully intermingled, as to have acquired for a particular part, the name of PARADISE. The plains of Ephesus are within the compass of a day's ride—but we have not yet been able to make arrangements for visiting them. In the mean time we hear many contradictory statements respecting the remains of the celebrated TEMPLE, which was anciently classed among the wonders of the earth. According to Gibbon, this elaborate and magnificent structure, having risen with increasing splendour from *seven*

repeated misfortunes, was finally burned by the Goths in their third naval invasion.

A dilapidated pile, dignified with the name of HOMER'S SCHOOL, is shown in an obscure quarter of the city; and a cavern, about fifteen miles distant, called HOMER'S GROTTO, attracts the stranger by the fascination of its title; lately, indeed, it has been a little neglected, in consequence of a report of its being tenanted by hyenas!!

A smart, lively young fellow, prepossessing in his appearance, and obliging in his air and manner,—connected, in some degree, with our agent at Tenos,—has been very assiduous in conducting us through the intricacies of the town, where some degree of address is requisite to prevent collision with the inhabitants; for the plague has not yet totally disappeared, though its effects, at present, are not such as to create much alarm or anxiety. From the medical reports, it does not appear to be *daily* fatal in more than one or two instances;—and one *accident* per diem,—as deaths occasioned by this disorder are affectedly termed,—is considered too trifling to produce any serious alarm. There

are few instances,—at least on the surface of the population,—of sincere or aggravated distress. Poverty, indeed, may be said to lean with a far gentler pressure on the inhabitants of southern latitudes, than on those whose lot has been cast amid the bleak climates of the north. The former have fewer absolute wants to contend with, and are less exposed to severe privations. Fuel and clothing are, to a certain extent, easily dispensed with by the labouring classes, and some of the hardiest of this rank are here, probably, no better provided with lodging than the lazzaroni of Naples. Such as are employed in tasks, that require great power and muscular exertion, are remarkable for the excellence of their organic structure; and I have seen individuals walking with apparent ease under a load, which has been estimated at the weight of nearly eight hundred pounds!!

Our Cicerone, who is scarcely seventeen, and has all the vivacity and good-humour of his age, was extremely desirous that we should see the mansion of the Turkish governor. It is a large pile, very recently constructed, in which there has been an attempt made to blend the conveniences of Europe

with Asiatic luxuries. We entered by a porte-cochère into a spacious court-yard, where we were detained some time, while certain preliminary difculties underwent discussion.

The chief obstacle to our obtaining admission arose from a regard to the females, who, it was surmised, might suffer some pollution in passing over the apartments which had been trodden by Christian sandals. But our zealous negotiator at length effected a compromise, by consenting that we should pass those hallowed chambers ἀνυπόδητοι. Accordingly, depositing our slippers at the foot of the staircase, which is extremely steep and disproportionately narrow, we ascended to a circular gallery, from the circumference of which there are passages leading to the different chambers. None of these are either very large or lofty, but the proportions are not disagreeable, and the furniture is chaste and extremely elegant. The same *style* of decoration is visible throughout; but we were particularly struck with the ceiling of one of the saloons, which was very tastefully painted with the *slender branches of flowers;* I notice this more particularly, because, taken *à la rigueur*, it would

seem to violate the notions usually entertained of Mahometan orthodoxy [1]. The divans, which surround the walls in the apartments where the women assemble, are covered with the finest black velvet, richly embroidered. The preference to this colour is supposed to be founded in the contrast it presents to the alabaster forms and radiant features, which are there contemplated *unveiled!*

The bath is in a spacious saloon, floored with marble:—there is something, no doubt, wonderfully voluptuous in this article of oriental refinement; but to my mind—and to "others, whose judgment in such matters cry in the top of mine"—a clear river and a rapid current are infinitely preferable to all the spices and perfumes of the east. The building was planned and, in great measure, finished by the late Aga. He appears to have been an officer possessed of many high qualities, and his influence in the city and adjoining district was so considerable, that it excited the jealousy of the Imperial Government.

[1] In his acceptation of the Decalogue, a Turk considers the prohibition in the second commandment as extending to a representation of any of the appearances of nature, not merely as objects of adoration, but of luxury or ornament.

Orders were, therefore, sent down—*more usitato*—to despatch him; but the utmost caution was necessary on the part of the agents from Constantinople. A detachment of soldiers were introduced by stratagem into the town, and the Pasha being invited with the most friendly professions to partake of a banquet on board a government vessel, his sanction was procured for this extraordinary measure. After a very sumptuous entertainment he was suffered to retire, loaded with many violent expressions of regard. The next day he received an invitation, more cordial and pressing than the former. Instead of feeling any suspicion from so unusual a mark of attention, he instantly prepared to obey the summons; but he had scarcely entered the deck when he was seized and bound, and in that state carried off several leagues to sea. He now became sensible of his approaching fate, which he resolved to meet with his usual intrepidity; and as his fortitude was not altogether of the passive kind, he struggled a long time with his assassins, two of whom are said to have been despatched by him before he was finally overpowered. His successor then very quietly took possession of his office; such

transfers of authority seldom exciting much emotion among the disciples of predestination[1].

[1] A popular work, entitled, *L'Europe par Rapport à la Grèce et à la Réformation de la Turquie*, has recently appeared at Paris, under the signature of M. de Pradt; in which that celebrated author has cited a passage from a French writer, descriptive of the barbarities of the penal code in Turkey. As it may serve to illustrate the national character of the Ottomans, a translation is here subjoined:—the writer is speaking of the mode in which capital punishments are carried into execution.

——"When an individual is committed to prison, charged with any serious offence, or when it is an object with the prosecutor to effect his destruction, he is shut up in a deep vault, of very narrow dimensions, and so constructed, that the bottom is always, to a certain depth, covered with water: he is here bound to a damp wall by massy iron chains, which are fixed to his hands, his feet, his reins, and his neck; the weight of these fetters is never less than sixty pounds.

"It has been ascertained that the wretched objects of this horrible species of torture, which is too intense to admit the possibility of sleeping, will sometimes survive nearly a *week*, under so dreadful a pressure of protracted agony; but they invariably expire before the *eighth day*. The criminal is, therefore, never totally abandoned, except when he is the victim of vengeance: in other cases, the accused is taken from his dungeon the next morning, and put on his trial. If adjudged to suffer death, the jailors instantly strip him of his clothes—even while sentence is pronouncing; he is suffered to retain only his shirt and drawers, and in such state is led to the place of execution, loaded all the way with heavy blows and bitter revilings, as well from the populace as from the executioners.

The King's birth-day was observed here on the 4th instant, with all possible demonstrations of respect. The standards of the different powers were

" Capital punishments are usually effected by strangulation; and the following is the mode of practising it—' sur cette terre de cannibales.' The culprit's neck is fixed by two executioners in the central part of a long rope, double folded. Each of the torturers seizes one extremity, and twists it with a violence, that wrings the criminal's throat to a degree which renders respiration impossible." When this has been effected, the cord is loosened, and the sufferer is revived from a momentary stupor, by being forcibly struck on the ribs. This process is repeated twice: at the moment when it is about to be a third time inflicted, a new torture is superadded, the brutality of which it may be proper to veil in the expressions of the original:—*au moment où on l'étrangle encore, un des exécuteurs lui donne un grand coup de pied aux parties viriles, et les lui écrase ensuite dans ses mains!*

When life is completely extinct, the corpse is hung up on some neighbouring tree. " I cannot write," says the ancien Archévêque de Malines, " without thrilling with horror,—sans frissonner d'horreur—that when the criminal is a *raya*[1], the body is suspended only one foot from the ground, *that dogs may feed on the remains!*"

It is presumed that the preceding statement is correct. What must be the genius of a government which could devise such a system;—and what the moral power or condition of a people, who, in the present age, can tolerate its enforcement!—*Nov.* 1826.

[1] A term of contempt applied to individuals of the Greek nation.

exhibited from the houses of their respective consuls, and their ensigns displayed from the several vessels in the port.

Such English merchants as are settled here, live in comparative splendour, and are generally accessible and friendly to strangers. We are indebted for personal civilities to several of our countrymen, and have been entertained with much hospitality by * * *, with whose name I believe you are acquainted.

The British Consul is too much occupied by the pressure of other engagements, to assist us in the slightest degree in negotiating a passage to Constantinople; we are, therefore, left exclusively to our own experience in such cases. If we proceed by sea, we might reach the Bosphorus, with a tolerably fair wind, in about three days; but at this season the northern gales usually set in, and we may possibly be detained as many weeks! The route by land has its recommendations, in the comparative certainty with which the time necessary to perform it may be calculated—the distance not requiring more than eight days: the objections to this mode consist in the impracticability of the roads,

and the total absence of nearly every kind of accommodation. But it has one inducement sufficient to outweigh all opposing considerations;—it may easily be made subservient to an excursion over the Troad, including Ida, with its lofty forests and its hundred rills,—the mountain, after those mentioned in holy writ, of all others the most interesting,

"Which genius sanctifies or time reveres!"

The traveller, who wanders amidst its shadowy recesses, or climbs its airy acclivities, as he looks down from its towering summit, and gives the reins to his imagination, while his eye roves unbounded over the plain below,—thus surrendering himself to the illusion of the moment, and passing in review the vivid scenes of the Iliad, may be said almost to embody the magic fictions of the poet, and to give reality to enchantment.

If the romantic adventures of Paris, and the loves of Œnone, have lost their attractive charm, he may dwell with chastened rapture on the retired virtues and conjugal tenderness of the wife of Hector—the purest model of female excellence that history has recorded, or that fancy ever drew. The

fate even of the first-born of Priam himself,—all heroic and god-like as he is represented,—would fail so intensely to interest our sympathies, were it not connected with the altered fortune and future sorrows of Andromache—the young, the beautiful, the affectionate, the faultless!

FINIS.

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